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PART LI.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

As integral constituents of the empire, we English Catholics have to show that an English heart beats in our breast; and that we are not a mere knot of foreigners—if not in blood, at least in sympathies—sojourning like pilgrims in a strange land. We have to avoid all that looks like sectarianism; and to join heartily in the feelings, and unite in the movements of our country, whenever it is possible without betraying Catholic principle or compromising the prosperity of the Church. Doubtless we still suffer some injustice, and many insults; but how little compared to those our fathers and predecessors had to endure a century ago! We cannot expect the tradition and feelings of generations in regard to us to change at once. Our position as citizens is now more than tolerable, and our prospects are becoming yet brighter. It is not worth while to be querulous about the past, when the question is about the future.

But for this future we cannot, nor would it be for our advantage if we could, come to terms with our countrymen, and limit its conditions by special covenant. A hard bargain they would drive with us, no doubt. We prefer their uncovenanted mercies, especially now that we are beginning to have the tide with us, as we hope. And surely we have in a decade made half a century of progress—of progress too slow, perhaps, for the impatience of the man who is spending himself in daily struggles, who is fighting in the *mêlée* on the plain, and can take no calm view from the hills; but which fills the distant beholder with wonder and joy, when he compares our present position with the actualities, even with the promises, of twenty years ago. It is better to let our success animate us for fresh exertions, than to keep inflicting curtain-

lectures on the people of England about their past injustices towards us.

For these reasons, we are sorry that we were obliged to separate ourselves from our countrymen in the collections for the Indian relief. No doubt we were unfairly used in the distribution of the Crimean fund; but perhaps the unfairness proceeded rather from the unconscious habitual Protestantism of the subordinate agents than from the very enlightened liberality of the chief commissioners. And, after all, perhaps even if we only got a twentieth part of what fair distributive justice would have awarded us, we yet were treated better than we had been in any previous instance. We cannot indulge without some satisfaction in Crimean reminiscences: many an old prejudice there received a mortal wound. Nuns, and especially Sisters of Charity, are now respected, if not honoured; there is now some disposition to treat us fairly, though it seems we must allow Protestants time to learn how to do so,—we must not cry out while the ignorant nurse is killing us with kindness; though we may be run over by the furious driving of our new friends, or wounded by their hasty shooting, we must dissemble our hurts. We must look to the intention, and give credit to the general improvement in tone and feeling; and not embitter ourselves with too close an inspection of past injustices, in order to avenge them if we can.

But as we have been loudly blamed for holding back our subscriptions to the Indian fund, it is best to meet the objection at once, and to show why we cannot yet trust our new friends. Our reason is, because even the present generation is not guiltless of having defrauded us most scandalously. Lord St. Leonard's, judging from his own high feelings, thinks that it would be treason against human nature to imagine the possibility of a perversion of the Patriotic Fund to sectarian uses. Our answer is ready. Within our own memory, persons as honourable as Lord St. Leonard's have committed a much greater fraud on the Catholic body than the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund are accused of. We repeat, that we bring forward these facts in no querulous manner, but with the sole intention of justifying conduct for which we have been roundly abused.

After the double fall of Napoleon, two agreements were made between the English and French governments: one was the treaty of May 30, 1814, and the other the convention of November 20, 1815; in both of which provision was made for the compensation of British subjects for property confiscated by the French during the revolutionary government. For this purpose, a certain sum was demanded by the English, and

paid by the French government. In order to define the sum within probable limits, it was necessary that discussions should be held, and a probable estimate of the claims agreed on between both parties. In forming this estimate, the negotiators of the respective nations had to decide what classes of persons were admissible to be compensated. Amongst others, the representatives of the English Catholic Colleges and religious establishments made heavy claims against the French government. These claims were *primá-facie* admitted; they were added to the rest, and their estimated amount formed part of the gross sum which Lord Londonderry, the British secretary for foreign affairs, and the negotiator in this matter, obtained from the French government. Of this fact we have many proofs, which we will put forward in historical order.

When these claims were first spoken of, in 1814 or 1815, some person connected with the French government strenuously advised Dr. Poynter, then Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, and agent for the Catholic establishments, not to cast in his lot with the other British claimants; but to make out a separate case, and apply directly to the French government, who would give them compensation without the mediation of the British cabinet, which, as this person said, would be sure to cheat the Catholics if it could. Dr. Poynter either distrusted the French government, or else felt too much confidence in English honesty to allow his suspicions to be excited. He trusted every thing to the enlightened liberality and honour of the British name. Lord Londonderry was entirely on his side. The Duke of Wellington, when he was received "as a prince" by the English nuns at the Fossées de St. Victor, was large in his promises, and held out to them certain prospects of compensation. Now at last the old breach seemed to be healed; after the long war, wherein Catholic Ireland had proved its loyalty, the Government at length seemed about to treat Catholics as citizens, and as men within the verge and protection of the laws. It was too good an opportunity to be lost. Dr. Poynter hastened to show his entire confidence in the English ministry, by placing the whole interests of the Catholic body, so far as related to their continental establishments, in its hands. Accordingly, the English government exacted from France a sufficient sum to cover their claims. France paid it; and England received it upon trust to employ it in their liquidation.

The money was paid to the English government, and a board of commissioners was named to preside over its distribution. But the operation of the board was necessarily slow; they must collect and consider and sum up all claims before

they could decide what proportion of each to allow: hence, to avoid loss of time, as there was some of the property of the great English college at Douai that had not been sold by the revolutionary government, Mr. Daniel, the president of that college, presented a petition to Louis XVIII., in 1816, for the immediate restoration of the unsold portion. It was so restored January 25th, 1816; but, lest this act should prejudice Mr. Daniel's right to claim, under the convention, compensation for that portion of the property which had been sold, the following clause was inserted in the ordonnance of the king: "Le tout néanmoins sans préjudice de l'article iv. additionnel du traité de Paris, et des articles i. et v. de la convention;" that is, without prejudice to Mr. Daniel's right to claim under those treaties. This clause is a positive proof that in the intention of the French government, one of the contracting parties, Mr. Daniel's claims were comprehended in the benefit of the treaty.

By this ordonnance Mr. Daniel was to be put in possession of all movable and immovable unsold property belonging to his college. It was thought that the term "movable property" included the funded property of the college in the *rentes sur l'état*; an application was therefore made to the Minister of Finances to have the sum formerly standing to the credit of the college in the great book of the French public debt transferred to the credit of the Rev. John Daniel. The French, however, considered that this was part of the property that had been sold; and therefore the minister answered, that it could only be restored through the commission appointed to regulate the compensation. He himself was "not legally authorised to effect it; it can only be done by the commissioners appointed in pursuance of the treaty of the 20th November last. It is therefore absolutely necessary that Bishop Poynter, of London, should, as has been recommended to him by the minister, present direct to the said commissioners the claims which he has to prefer on account of the Inscription of Rentes belonging to the establishments the concerns of which are intrusted to him." Such were the words of the official answer of the Minister of Finances, dated April 5th, 1816. According to the direction of the French authorities, the claim was immediately sent in to the English commissioners, who registered it in their books without making the slightest objection. They said nothing about the inconsistency of the Catholic colleges and convents with the penal laws, or about their subjection to the French government. They registered the claim in 1816, they took it into account, and it furnished one of the items of the gross total of

60,000,000*l.*, which they accepted, in 1818, as the final payment to satisfy the claims of all British subjects on the French government. Hence it is clear, that one of the classes of claims contemplated by both governments was that represented by Dr. Poynter and Mr. Daniel; and that the English exacted from the French nation a certain sum for the very purpose of satisfying this class of claims.

In May 1819 an Act of Parliament was passed to carry into effect the different conventions; to recognise the three commissioners appointed by the Prince Regent in June 1818; and to enact that these commissioners were "to complete the exoneration and liquidation of the claims of such persons as shall have caused their names to be duly inserted in the hereinbefore mentioned registers." Mr. Daniel's name had been duly inserted: his claim had been allowed *generically*; suppose he could establish the particulars by documentary proof, there was nothing in the kind of property, or in the uses to which it had been and would be put, to prevent its being allowed specifically and individually. At any rate, no such consideration had prevented the English government from exacting of the French sufficient money to meet this class of claims.

Further, Lord Londonderry, the British negotiator and secretary of state for foreign affairs, always gave to Dr. Poynter and to Mr. Daniel the warmest support from 1818 to the time of his death in 1822; he always declared that their claims were among those contemplated by the treaty, and for which money had been received from France. Things progressed favourably till 1819, when, the commissioners having expressed some doubts about the admissibility of his claim under the treaty, Dr. Poynter informed Lord Londonderry of the hitch, who immediately (June 11th, 1819) wrote to them, directing them to proceed with the business. They accordingly did proceed with great activity for several months in examining documents and preparing for liquidation, when they suddenly suspended their work for want of certain papers which the French commissioners in Paris refused to furnish. These papers were demanded first by the Paris agent of the English commissioners. In the letter in which they directed this demand to be made, they declared categorically that they considered Dr. Poynter "as an object of the convention, and entitled to liquidation." The French commissioners still refused to furnish the documents. On this, a proposition was made from the Foreign Office to the English bishops, that they should receive diplomatic aid in obtaining the documents, provided they would sign a declaration that

the money to be obtained should be employed in founding educational establishments, not in France, but in England. This declaration was duly signed, and delivered to the commissioners in September 1821, and received by them with "complete satisfaction." On this, Lord Londonderry wrote to the ambassador at Paris (Sir Charles Stuart) in strong terms, requiring him to demand the papers. The documents, however, were not obtained; when, in August 1822, Dr. Poynter was informed by the commissioners, that if they were not procured Mr. Daniel's claim must be rejected. Hereupon Dr. Poynter again applied to Lord Londonderry, who promised every assistance, and even sent him to Paris with a letter to Sir Charles Stuart to expedite the business; but the French commissioners remained obstinate, and the papers could not be obtained.

Lord Londonderry died; so Dr. Poynter explained the circumstances of the case to Mr. Canning, in a letter of February 14th, 1823, and begged him to direct the British commissioners to proceed in liquidating Mr. Daniel's claim *without the formal documents refused by the French* (as permitted in art. v. of the convention of 1815), provided they judged that the other authentic documents afforded sufficient proof of the claim. Mr. Canning gave these directions to the commissioners, who immediately wrote to inform Dr. Poynter of the agreeable news, and to congratulate him on his success. Upon the receipt of this letter, so certain did Dr. Poynter feel of being indemnified, that he actually caused notice to be given in the London chapels, that henceforth the aid of the faithful would not be required for the support of certain institutions which he named.

We beg our readers to notice the footing on which the affair now stood. The generic admissibility of the English Catholic claims was conceded on all hands,—by the French government, by the English secretaries of state for foreign affairs, and by the English commissioners. The hitch caused by the spiteful obstinacy of the French commissioners had been overcome; and now nothing remained but to make up for the want of the formal papers by the other authentic proofs that were abundantly producible. The battle was won; it now only remained to make out the precise claims to the exact distribution of the spoil.

At this stage, the commissioners, seeing that all preliminaries had been settled, invited, by a circular dated April 2, 1823, all other Catholic claimants for property belonging to their former religious establishments in France to furnish the strongest possible evidence of their claims. Their words were,

“The French government having refused to deliver up the papers belonging to the British Catholic establishments subsisting in France in the year 1793, and for which claims were entered at this office, the commissioners have received instructions from his Majesty’s government to proceed without further delay to the adjudication of these cases on such other proofs as can be adduced.” The proofs required were not the preliminary ones; that their cases were contemplated in the treaty, and that their claims were considered in estimating the sum exacted from the French,—all that was conceded: they were only called on to produce the strongest evidences of the *items* of their claims, and to supply formal documents by other proofs of the particulars of the property they formerly held in the French funds. Mr. Daniel accordingly brought forward unquestioned proofs that he was a British subject; that such and such property, held by him on the 12th of October 1793, had then been seized in execution of the decree of October 10, 1793 for the confiscation of the property of all British subjects in France; and therefore, that this property of his was confiscated on the sole plea of his British nationality. These proofs were all allowed, and then the commissioners adjudicated on Mr. Daniel’s case. They rejected his claim expressly on the ground “that the English college at Douai was deemed a French establishment, *and was not included in the view of the treaties!*” Mr. Daniel appealed to the Privy Council, who confirmed the judgment of the commissioners November 25, 1825. The following words were used by Lord Gifford in delivering judgment:

“In considering this question, it is necessary to attend to the nature and object of these establishments, and to the intention and meaning of the treaties under which the indemnity is asked. Now the institutions in behalf of which the claims are made, although their members were British subjects, and their property derived from funds constituted by British subjects, were in the nature of French corporations; they were locally established in a foreign territory because they could not exist in England; their end and object were not authorised, but were directly opposed to, British law; and the funds dedicated to their maintenance were employed for that purpose in France, because they could not be so employed in England: and if other circumstances were wanting to fix their character, it appears that these establishments, as well as their revenues, are subject to the control of the French government; and the conduct of the government since the restoration of the monarchy shows that if all had been permitted to remain entire during the Revolution, the monarchical government would have taken the whole under its superintendence and management. We think, therefore, that they must be deemed French establishments.

Then are such establishments, though represented by British subjects, to claim under the treaties? Treaties, like other compacts, are to be construed according to the intention of the contracting parties; and, looking at the occasion and object of those treaties, we think that it was not, and could not have been, in the contemplation of the contracting parties that the British government should demand, or the French government grant, compensation for property held in trust for establishments in France, and for purposes inconsistent with British laws, and which were subject to the control of the French government. We therefore think that, having regard to the nature and character of the establishments which the claimants allege themselves to represent, and to the purposes to which the property in respect whereof compensation is claimed was dedicated, the claimants have not brought their case within the meaning or spirit of the treaties; that the rejection of their claims, therefore, by the commissioners was right, and that consequently the award must be confirmed."

A further application of the different professors and others who had lost their salaries was made to be indemnified as individuals. Lord Gifford decided this likewise against them, on two grounds: first, that this claim had not been made and registered sufficiently early; secondly, that if it had, as no compensation could be demanded for the corpus of the property seized, no valid claim could be sustained by any member of those bodies for the income derivable from it.

Thus fell the last hopes of the English College of Douai, the English Seminary of Paris, and the English College of St. Omer's. They were all treated in France as English establishments; all were spared by the first revolutionary edicts of November 5, 1790 (which declared all French educational establishments to be national property), on the express ground that they were English establishments; all were suppressed and confiscated in 1793, on the express ground that they were British property, by a decree the terms of which did not touch any French property. On this ground their claims were scheduled with the other British claims in 1814, 1815, and 1818. The French government referred them to the British commissioners; and the British commissioners, as we have shown, entertained their claims, and would have liquidated them but for the spiteful and vexatious obstinacy of the Legitimist government in France. The claims of the Canadian establishments, which were in precisely the same case, were in fact liquidated. This delay cost us all. Lord Londonderry died, and with him died the honour of the British cabinet. His successors swindled us.

But to turn from these establishments to others, where the sex of the members made the case even harder,—to the Eng-

lish convents in France. The commissioners, having first satisfied the claims of all secular persons, then, as we have seen, invited the clergy and the religious communities to put in their claims. We have related how the clergy were heard and nonsuited. Next came the nuns. There were perhaps fifteen communities which came within the meaning of the treaties; but as the expenses of the application were certain, and its success uncertain, five of the largest joined to put forward, at their common expense, the case of that community whose claims were considered to be clearest. The Benedictine nuns, formerly of Paris, now of Hammersmith, were chosen for this purpose. Their memorial was first of all received with difficulty. Four arguments were urged, *in limine*, against all the communities.

1. They were religious corporations, which the laws of England do not recognise, but formally condemn. To this it was replied, that they had no legal status as corporations either in France or England. In 1790 their existence as corporations had been destroyed, but their property was respected as belonging to British subjects; they continued to live together as individuals in a voluntary partnership, till in 1793 their property was confiscated as belonging to British subjects. Therefore they did not claim as a corporation, but as a voluntary association of individuals holding property in partnership.

2. These individuals had renounced their own country, and become naturalised French subjects. The answer was clear. So far from having renounced their country and become naturalised in France, in 1790 their property was respected by the French government solely *because* they were not naturalised French, but British subjects; while in 1793 their property was confiscated for the same reason, and they themselves treated as prisoners of war, with many circumstances of personal cruelty.

3. It was then objected that these individuals would apply all indemnities which they recovered to purposes which the laws of England deemed superstitious. It was replied to the commissioners that this was more than they knew or could prove; and that if it could be proved, it was nothing to the purpose, as neither the treaty nor the act of 1818, which conferred their powers, gave them any power beyond investigating and deciding claims, without any inquisitorial authority to ask what the claimants intended to do with the money they might recover.

4. But, after all, said the commissioners, these people are under vows; they reside in France, and are no longer at liberty

to return to their native country, or to dispose of the property they recover. It was replied, they have all civil liberty to return when they please; the only thing that restrains them is a bond their own free-will imposes on their conscience, and which their free-will may break at any moment. They only consider themselves bound by a promise which they had a civil right to make, and which they now have a civil right to break; for the effect of the French legislation of 1790, like that of the English acts of Henry VIII., was to withdraw the *ad-eundem* degree which the state formerly gave to religious vows, and so to divest them of all political character, and to make them valid only and solely *in foro conscientiae*. The state could know nothing even of their existence.

Besides the Benedictines, the Augustinian nuns of Paris sent the following memorial to the commissioners in July 1824:

“Our establishment was founded in this city about 190 years ago, with the consent and legal sanction of the French government; under which sanction we continued to exist as a religious corporation till Nov. 5, 1790, when a law was enacted suppressing all such corporations in this country, and confiscating their property. By that law we were dissolved as a corporation; but by a decree of the 9th of the same month we were exempted as *foreigners and seculars* from the general measure of confiscation, and secured in the possession of our establishment and property, which we proved to have been acquired exclusively by our private means. We continued in the peaceful possession of both till October 1793; when, in consequence of a decree of the 10th of that month, our property was seized as belonging to British subjects, and we were incarcerated as such in our own house, which the French authorities converted into a public prison. It is for this property that we now claim indemnity.”

Hence, they argue, they cannot be considered after 1790 as a religious corporation. Secondly, the law of Nov. 7, 1790, expressly calls them foreigners and seculars. Thirdly, the reason of the seizure of their property in 1793 was not because it belonged to a religious corporation, but because it belonged to British subjects. Fourthly, they were not naturalised in France; for if so, the law of 1790 would have treated them as French subjects, when the government was obviously interested in proving them to be so in order to be able to seize their property. Finally, they state their losses to amount to 315,753 francs.

This and several similar memorials were rejected by the commissioners, on the ground that the nuns formed French communities. They appealed as such to the French govern-

ment; but their appeal was rejected April 27, 1827, on the ground that "les réclamantes ne sont pas Françaises, et que leurs bien-fonds ont été confisqués et aliénés comme appartenant à des étrangers, et non pas en exécution des lois sur les condamnés révolutionnairement." They were informed also that the French government had paid to the English government a gross sum for the satisfaction of all these claims, and therefore could not entertain their petition, though compassionating their case. Thereupon, with these new and official proofs of their not being French subjects, they appealed to the Privy Council to upset the decision of the commissioners; but it was confirmed.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Baldwin, the secretary to the commission, wrote to the nuns at Paris to say that there was still a sum of money left unappropriated, and that if they had any additional evidence to produce, their claims might now perhaps meet with more favourable consideration. In consequence of this invitation, they sent a special agent with their papers to London. Sir Robert Adair took up their case, and wrote to the Duke of Wellington in their favour. This letter is dated Oct. 12, 1830. It is an appeal *ad misericordiam*. The nuns are called "poor old ladies," and the duke is clearly told how between the two conflicting decisions of the two governments the nuns went to the wall: "Between these two decisions,—the one rejecting the claim on the ground of their *establishment*, and the other on that of their *persons*,—these poor ladies find themselves excluded from the benevolent arrangements of either government, although the express purpose of both was to relieve the victims of these and similar confiscations." The duke's reply, dated Oct. 24, 1830, is characteristic. It was written on two sheets, the latter of which has been mislaid; however all the pith of the argument is in the former:

"DEAR SIR,—When you wrote to me on the 12th inst., on the subject of the claims of the English ladies formerly members of a religious house in France, it was my duty to inform myself on the subject of those claims, as I wished sincerely to consider equitably a case in which you took an interest.

Upon calling for the papers, I found that the case had been considered and determined upon by the board of commissioners appointed to carry into execution the treaties upon the subject of the property of British subjects confiscated in France, and then upon appeal to the Privy Council. I endeavoured to find the papers upon this subject in the Treasury, but in vain; or to see one of the board of commissioners, or their secretary, in order to discover the ground upon which the decision complained of had been made.

The board is dissolved. The members of it are either employed abroad, or are out of the way. The former secretary is a member of Parliament, and at this moment abroad; and I could find nobody who could give me any information on the subject of these claims, or of the decision upon them.

I make this statement just to show you the difficulty of reviewing in the Treasury a judicial case which has been twice decided against the claimants, and to account for the delay in answering your letter.

I have at last discovered the printed cases of the appellant and of the respondents and their appendices in the Privy-Council Office, which I have perused with all the attention which I could give to the subject; and I must say that I think that the decision against those ladies was right.

I will not trouble you with any reasoning upon the case, which the board of commissioners and the Privy Council have finally decided.

You desire, however, that there should be an equitable review of it, founding that desire upon the hardship of the decision upon the individuals, and upon their claims to compassion on account of their age, their sex, and their sufferings.

Unfortunately it is not in the power of the Treasury to attend to such claims" (*cætera desunt*).

It was lost labour to try to induce the iron duke to review a case that was finally decided; and perhaps, as a minister, he had other reasons for his refusal. It might not be convenient to the First Lord of the Treasury to admit claims to money already spent. Though the secretary might find by his accounts that there was a surplus, the treasurer might know that he had no money in his hands. The general opinion of the public was, that George IV. had induced ministers to allow him the use of the money; that he had spent it, partly upon his profligate companions, partly upon his new buildings at Buckingham Palace; and that therefore, to save a terrible exposure, to save an appeal to the country to replace money which had been fraudulently made away with, and to avoid the indignation of the House of Commons and the population, the Government found itself obliged to cheat the Catholics as the only way of preserving its honour. And not only to cheat us; they cheated the French government also. They screwed out of the French nation sufficient money to meet the Catholic claims, undertaking to see these claims satisfied; and then, by the most iniquitous quibbles, they evaded the duty they had undertaken, and refused to refund the money to those for payment of whose just debt it had been intrusted to them.

We do not rake up this history to embitter the feelings of Catholics against their countrymen, still less to act as an

appeal to the French nation in present circumstances; we do not forget that it was France that destroyed our establishments, and by some unaccountable spite prevented our having the necessary papers at a time when their absence was the only reason of our claims not being immediately liquidated. The "itching palm" of George took advantage of the delay. He put his hand into our pockets, and picked them; and after it was done, the English ministry thought it better to be impudently unjust to us than to confess the king's peculation to the people. We were the weakest; so we, with others, like the Baron de Bode, went to the wall. But we should not have been in this position if it had not been for the misconduct of the French commissioners. We do not, then, appeal to France to patronise us; the English Catholics have too often found what a broken reed a prince, and especially a foreign one, proves. We must trust to God and to ourselves, and to the gradually improving feeling of our countrymen. Neither do we rake up this injustice with any hope of being at this time of day able to recover the stolen property. Our one object is, to show both Catholics and Protestants that the English government is not to be implicitly believed; that they will often cover one fraud by another; and to insinuate that, if even the Duke of Wellington could make himself a party to such an iniquity, Lord St. Leonard's cannot wonder if we do not accept all his asseverations, apart from their proofs, as gospel.

LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

It is one of the misfortunes of a despotic prince, that he is sometimes made answerable for the faults of his servants to an extent which is practically unfair. No doubt it is one of the evils of despotism, that the personal responsibility of blunders and crimes is thus now and then shifted from the shoulders of the guilty to those of the innocent. But granting that this or that despotism exists as a present fact, and that the despot himself imagines that he rules for the good of his subjects, and not for his own good, we may fairly put it down among his misfortunes that his subordinate officials occasionally do him infinite harm by their unwise zeal.

On this ground we are disposed to hope that the present Emperor of the French is not always to be held answerable for the excesses of his eager servants. Knowing the decided advantages which, *from one point of view at least*, have ac-

crued to the cause of peace and order from his personal acts, a candid mind would be willing to stretch a point in estimating his conduct in circumstances of a more than usually questionable aspect.

But at the same time, it is undeniable that the French Emperor is not entitled to so large an application of the principle of charitable interpretation as are those princes whose despotic rule is not a thing of their own creation. He is himself the author of the system of which he is now the personal centre. He was not born, like the Emperors of Austria or Russia, to be the autocratic chief of a vast bureaucracy, and the natural commander of an immense army. He did not, like them, with all their nominally arbitrary power, find himself surrounded with a network of administrative traditions, and in the hands of a host of statesmen and soldiers more experienced and more able to govern than himself. He was not born to be fed with flattery, and worshipped with half-divine honours by an obedient court and a host of "friends," whose chief object was to conceal the truth from his eyes. Nor has he trod only the marble staircases and the luxurious carpets of imperial palaces; or encountered warfare only in the mimic struggles of a review, or with the boundless appliances with which kings take the field when they encounter a real foe. The present system of French government is the sole work of the Emperor Napoleon III. Its administrative offices had no existence till he invented them; they are filled by the creatures of his independent choice; they have no traditions but those which are inspired by the imperial will; and from the first to the last, he has made his own individuality the prominent feature of the government which he has founded. If one of his predecessors openly identified the French state with himself, the present Emperor has never ceased to say to the world, "*I have a destiny to fulfil, I have a work to do, for France and for civilisation.*" As, then, he is entitled to a degree of personal honour for the good results of his system, and can claim a large portion of the praise due to his subordinates when they do their duty, so in justice he cannot escape a degree of personal responsibility for their follies or their offences, with which the despots of older dynasties could not be fairly chargeable.

Further, the French Emperor is a man of a most iron will, and of a temperament that knows no hesitation when he has once made up his mind that this or that thing shall be done. Never yet was he known to yield to any thing that may be termed an "amiable weakness," or to suffer his judgment to be warped by the finer frailties of humanity. To

imagine that delicacies, or scruples, or tender sentiments, would stand in the way of Napoleon III. when he would fain teach his servants to do their master's will, is too absurd a supposition even for a Bonapartist sycophant to utter. What is done by the French government—allowing for sudden escapades, or minor blunders—must be regarded as, practically, the Emperor's own doing. It is to be looked upon as the *bonâ-fide* expression of his will; though how far he has some secret intention lying concealed beneath his outer acts, is of course another question. His ultimate object may be very different from what at first sight it would appear to be; he may consider himself unable to act otherwise than he does act: but that he himself personally approves, as a present practical policy, whatever is ordinarily done by his officials, we can entertain no manner of doubt.

In recalling, then, the conduct of the imperial government in two or three of its most important recent acts, we cannot dissociate the words and deeds of the imperial servants from the deliberate will of their absolute superior; and thus regarding these matters, they assume in our eyes a degree of importance which they would not deserve were they the mere ebullitions of servile zeal, or the commonplace resources of the agents of tyranny in all ages and all countries. And it is with no slight sense of alarm that we discern in these acts a further proof of that downward tendency which has for some time been only too manifest in the imperial government, and of an utter incapacity to grasp those principles on which alone France can become permanently orderly, prosperous, and peaceful. Whatever be the Emperor's personal ideas, or whatever may have been his intentions or aspirations when he seized the throne, his government has plainly shown itself to be that of a despot, and not that of a statesman. It seeks to rule Frenchmen through their infirmities and their vices, and not through their intelligence and their virtues. It would rule a vast, an acute, an accomplished, a noble people, on the model of a prison, or at best a reformatory. France, in the eyes of her rulers, is convicted of incapacity for any thing but servile obedience to an inexorable sway. Whatever her defects, whatever her necessities, whatever her greatness, whatever her demands, there is but one answer and one remedy,—the crashing of the iron heel of her master upon her prostrate countenance.

Of the symptoms of this system which have been now for so long a time showing themselves, few, if any, have been so pregnant with causes for dismay as the conduct of the imperial government in the matter of the attempted assassination

in the Rue Lepelletier, and of the demands of the French Protestants for a just carrying out of the principles of the French code in their own case. That the death, especially by murder, of the French Emperor would be a frightful calamity, not only to France, but also to Europe, as things now stand, no one would doubt. That we in England, therefore, must, even on selfish motives, regard the recent attempt with abhorrence, and that we should rejoice to make it impossible for the future, no rational Frenchman would deny. Least of all could the Emperor himself imagine that the preservation of his life was a thing for which this country cared nothing, and for which she would not do all that is consistent with honour and justice. If there is a foreigner alive who does understand us, it is he, who lived amongst us so long, and who on our shores planned his attacks on the existing governments of his own country. That Napoleon III. should suppose us, as a nation, careless about such crimes as this last one, is simply impossible. Nay, it is probably because he knows the sincerity of our desire for his safety, and the steadiness of our attachments when once formed, that he has ventured upon that trifling with our sense of self-respect, and that astonishing perversion of facts, which have recently aroused so much indignation in all classes of the country. Unless the Emperor had been deliberately prepared to go to war with Russia, or even with Austria, we believe that he never for one instant would have suffered his subordinates to write and speak of those governments as they have written and spoken of this country as the refuge and the harbourer of assassins. Only conceive the result at St. Petersburg, or say, again, at Washington, if the *Moniteur* had printed, without one word of apology, address after address from French regiments, all but demanding to be led to those capitals for invasion and conquest! It is because Napoleon knows that our character is such, and, if you please, that our pride and self-estimation are so intense, that we can look down on such bravadoes with feelings in which indignation is softened by pity and contempt,—it is only because he knows us so well, that he has permitted a license in our regard which would instantly have been followed by something rather more tangible than mere indignation in the case of the other great nations of the world.

Knowing us, then, as Napoleon unquestionably knows us, by what fatality has he been influenced when he suffered his satellites to pervert the entire question of the refugees with so transparent a fallacy that a child could expose it? Had he not nailed up the lips of the French press, so that Frenchmen should not be able to discuss the subject at home, no

doubt he would have taught his organs, from Count Persigny downwards, a little more common sense and plain logic. But deathlike as is the silence of the French mind, it argues no little blindness, no little rashness in trifling with the friendship of other nations, when the Emperor can permit his servants actually to fasten upon England the very faults for which France, and France alone, is responsible. What a system of humbug and deception, after all, is a despotism! To what base and humiliating means is the most autocratic of rulers driven in order to keep down the millions whom the outer world imagines that he rules by brute force alone! If the tricks of the servant and the slave are many, the devices of the master and the tyrant are not fewer; and they require as careful an elaboration, and as ingenious an apparatus of deception, as those which are supposed to be peculiar to those whose only remedy for their evils consists in intrigue and fraud.

It is difficult, indeed, to believe that, even without the aid of a free press and free speech, the more rational part of the French nation can be deceived by the official attacks on England as the abettor of assassination, and as partly responsible for the attempted murder of the Emperor. In the first place, France herself is incessantly turning political refugees from her own soil; actually, literally, bodily shipping them off for England; forcing them to take refuge here amidst the herds of men who, either through their misfortunes or their crimes, have been exiled from their homes. They come here, and live more or less in obscurity; or if they do contrive to become here and there popular, it is by means which imply a careful abstinence from all such offences as this last attempt against the life of Napoleon. Orsini, when he went about and made himself a small name, knew too well the temper of this country to show his true character and aims. Like all the rest of the same kidney, his virtues were put forward as only paralleled by his wrongs.

In the mean while, these men do what any body in the world might fairly do: they buy weapons of offence, and construct deadly machines the real purpose of which is a secret known only to themselves. Hundreds and thousands of people are doing this, or something akin to it, all through the year. Innumerable mysterious contrivances are fabricated in the interests of science and speculation; the very makers not knowing what they are meant for, and probably laughing at them as fresh instances of the mania for inventions, and the passion for patents, which characterise a period of mechanical skill. It would have been just the same if these murderous appliances had been meant to shoot down Queen Victoria and

her husband, or any other innocent person at home. You go and buy a brace of pistols in a shop: is the government of England responsible if you intend to fight a duel with them? Or you study the arrangements of the streets of Paris in connection with the powers of certain explosive chemical substances: who on earth is to know that you do this, or why you do it? What, then, ought we to do? Are we to keep every human being not an Englishman born under the eye of the police, in the street and at home, by night and by day? Are all Frenchmen and Italians to eat, drink, live, and sleep in public, so that the French Emperor may be quite sure that they are not getting up some scheme for shooting him some day, in some street of Paris or some other city of France? The thing is too ludicrous to bear investigation. To prevent men planning crimes is utterly impossible by any government that ever did exist, or can exist, if only the conspirators are true to one another, and do not bodily exhibit their doings in the public thoroughfares or public resorts. Between the liberty which allows of the clever plotting of crimes in private houses, and the shutting up every foreigner in solitary confinement, there is no practical alternative.

Then follows the next point in this foolish charge. While the conspiracy is still a secret, though matured, the conspirators, with bland countenance, and as a matter of mere routine, provide themselves with the needful authorisation from *French* authorities for entering France. Innocence beaming in their eyes, while the ample beard or moustache conceals the latent sneer upon their lips, they next present themselves personally to the array of French officials on the French soil, and are admitted to follow their devices at will. The infernal machines, which they bought in the ordinary way of trade in London or Birmingham, escape the vigilance of French custom-houses; and Brown, Jones, and Robinson find more difficulty in smuggling a few boxes of cigars into England than these Italian miscreants find in importing into France a whole arsenal of pocket-bombs for the special slaughter of its absolute ruler. What a bitter satire on the resources of despotism! What a proof of the practical value of passports and surveillance! Here is a small knot of villains, who walk as coolly through the whole system as a clever barrister dashes his way through a blundering Act of Parliament drawn up by an amateur legislator. But what an audacity in bad reasoning is that which condemns *us* for not preventing the secret conversations of a few wretches in London, while it says naught of the faithlessness and failure of the *French* police and the *French* customhouse-officers, when these same scoundrels cross

the water in boats, and pass personally through the regular official examination! Really, if assassins *can be* stopped, it would be when they enter a country by one of her seaports, and submit themselves to the examination of her officials. But no; this truth would not suit the present purposes of the imperial government, whatever those purposes are; so the blame is to be shifted from the French servant, who *is* to blame, to the English stranger, who had nothing on earth to do with the matter.

Finally, the campaign is opened in Paris; though John Bull is still to bear the responsibility of it in London. This is a new interpretation of the old and disused claim of the English sovereign to the title of king of France. It is Queen Victoria, after all, who ought to take care that the Paris police do their duty, and prevent Napoleon from being shot. In Paris, however, the work goes merrily on; that which was mere talk in London, in Paris becomes preparation for action. The grenades are safely lodged; the Parisian authorities wot not of their existence, much less of their intended use. Poor innocent officials! for all they knew of it, Pierri and Orsini were devoted to the manufacture of *bonbons*,—industrious Italians, importing the sugar grown in the colonies of perfidious Albion in order to undersell the beet-root sugar of the “protected” manufacture of France. And so they dwell happily in Paris. Days and weeks flow on, and the Emperor is so perverse that he does not offer an opportunity for being shot in company with his Empress. What boots it? Paris is a pleasant city to dwell in. It is livelier than Leicester Square for your Pierris and Orsinis. There is no need for hurry. The longer the attempt is delayed, the surer it will be to succeed. And so all goes on; till at last, under the very eyes of this accomplished police, and so completely in their presence that they are among the instantaneous sufferers, the batteries are opened, and the campaign inaugurated and completed exactly as intended. Happily the Emperor is *not* shot; but for all that *France* had done to save him, the chances were immensely strong that he would have been shot. So the assassins are secured, the wounded are attended to, the Emperor goes into the opera-house, and—the blame is laid upon England. Who first thought of this precious device for stimulating the passions of the army, and for creating a new interest for the Emperor in the French nation by setting him up as a sort of victim to English notions of liberty, of course we cannot say. But that such has been the trick employed by the Government, carried to its extremest extravagance by the military zealots, whose braggadocio has received the *impri-*

matur of the *Moniteur*, and moreover that the French ambassador in London has ventured to breathe an echo of the cry, is a fact of lamentable significance.

And what *does* it mean? Did the Emperor conceive it possible that we should imitate him, by authorising a police to seize, punish, or banish men for no overt acts whatsoever, either of hand or tongue? Did he dream that we were to do for him what even he, with all his gigantic police-apparatus, cannot do for himself in his own country? Or, if he thinks the English laws do not touch foreigners residing in England, when their guilt is really provable by facts, did he suppose that he would bring about a remedy by permitting his subordinates to insult us openly? Did he fancy that when his own official gazette printed the offers of his soldiery to march to London and seize the criminals whom English justice refused to touch, he was adopting a likely means for securing himself against future attempts, and not alienating the regards of a nation whose enmity would cost him his throne, whatever became of his life? If his object were *really* what is professed, the means he has taken to further it are the very worst he could possibly have chosen. If there was a question whether our laws would touch men really guilty of definite conspiracy to murder him, why did he not make the attempt? The thing could have been completed in a few days. He should have followed the course which Englishmen pursue themselves, whether in the instance of Government trials or private cases. If this had failed, his ambassador should then have urged an alteration of our laws, in those terms in which one great nation ought to address another great nation. But to suffer men like De Morny to speechify *against* this country in terms which almost imply that we share the guilt of murder—to receive without rebuke, and then to publish all over France, the coarse threats of a series of military officers,—if his object had been to sever at a blow the alliance he has been at such pains to cement, he could hardly have devised a more efficacious means than this which the world recognises as the work of his will.

But after all, *was* it the work of his deliberate judgment; or does he, and did he, regret these ill-timed manifestoes with a sincere sorrow? Considering what his character has always been, it seems possible that there may be another interpretation of his conduct; although, unhappily, the evils that must result from it receive no modification thereby. If there is truth in what is said about his deep-seated indolence of disposition, and his participation in the taste of most despots for letting things take their chance, it may be that the whole of

these insults against England were from the first regarded by him with regret. It is a mistake to suppose that because the Emperor is *capable* of great and persevering energy, he is therefore habitually energetic and persevering. Many a man can at times do wonders in the way of work, whose temperament is ordinarily of that lazy self-indulgent type which will allow the most precious interests to be imperilled for want of a regular and daily superintendence. It is, then, we believe, quite possible that, under the influence of some such fit of inertness, Napoleon may have beheld these ebullitions of servile wrath with genuine disgust and regret, while yet he could not bring himself to stop them in time. It is, moreover, a frightful snare for a man to regard himself as a "child of destiny." The recklessness of action to which it can tempt a person of cool and acute judgment can scarcely be over-rated. And if the French Emperor is even in a slight degree under the influence of this hallucination, there can be few practical limits to the rashness with which at times he will trifle with the probabilities of human action.

Our question, however, is not so much with the man, as with his mode of governing France. Whatever be the psychological explanation of his personal conduct, the result to England and Europe will not be modified. And whether it be from indolence, or from premeditated design, or from mere rashness and recklessness, that he has now permitted these recent outrages against our independence as a nation, the fact remains the same, and serves only to strengthen our conviction of the want of true statesmanlike principles which is the characteristic of his hitherto "prosperous" reign. We see once more, with sorrow, that he has renounced all idea of ruling France by the elevation of the character of her people. We see him endeavouring to enlarge the powers of his police and his ministry to an extent which places all that is honourable, all that is independent, all that is patriotic, at the mercy of a place-holding satellite. We see him stifling the very breath of his nation if it does not blow hot or cold with the precise degree of temperature which suits the official thermometer of the moment. We see him multiplying military commands, and carefully mapping out France for the convenience of an instant application of military law.

His Council of Regency, again, whom he has just appointed by way of safeguard for his dynasty in case of his death, shows what sort of a hold he has on the French nation. Not one of them can claim to represent any section of the *people* of France, whether noble, middle-class, or poor. Without one exception, they are persons who owe all their present position to

their connection with himself, and to the readiness with which they have bent to do his bidding and accept his rewards. And with the exception of his own two blood-relations, who must fall with the rest of the family, we are persuaded that there is not one single member of his council which would not desert the Bonaparte interest the moment it went to the wall. They would give in their "adhesion" to the *de-facto* government of the day the moment by any means it had got possession of the supreme power. As for dreaming that they would uphold the claims of the Empress and her child when those interests were under a cloud, no man who knows the past history of France can expect it for a moment. The Archbishop of Paris is the only one to whom the world would give the credit of acting on principle in the matter; and we know that it is the "principle" of that class of the clergy to whom his eminence belongs to keep the Church free from close attachment to any dynasty, or any form of government. With them, "order" for the time being is the grand desideratum; and if any body else could establish "order" in France after the next anarchical fit that seizes her, they would as conscientiously yield him their support as they did when they blessed the trees of liberty under the republic, or did homage to Napoleon III. as the "saviour of his country." We are neither blaming nor praising this section of the French clergy in this; we only state the fact, that this theory respecting the political action of the priesthood is one which obtains largely among them. And we draw the very obvious conclusion, that whatever respectability may be conferred on the Council of Regency by the presence of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, it confers not the shadow of a promise of permanent support on the dynasty it is meant to uphold.

But if the recent acts of the French government are of ill augury in purely political matters, what shall we say to their religious aspect? If it is lamentable to see that the Bonapartist dynasty feels itself so tottering on the throne that it cannot bear the very whispers of political opposition, lest the feeble reverberations of the atmosphere lay it prostrate on the ground, what must be its religious strength, when it takes to bullying the Protestant portion of the French nation, and professes itself determined to stop what it calls "religious controversy?"

If we examine the influence of theological controversy in its real bearings on practical religion, the evil of forbidding it, where men do differ, is most serious. How superficial is the theory that practical religion gains by the crushing of theological disputes! That disputes are usually ill conducted, that they generate ill blood in streams, that they rarely make

any body change his opinion, that a perfectly fair controversialist is as uncommon as a black swan—indeed, the former is the rarer phenomenon,—all this may be very true; and yet the prevention of controversy by legal enactments may be a far worse evil. And that it is, we have no manner of doubt. Its inevitable result would be, that men would cease to be interested in religion at all. It would be the most powerful bribe to an immoral scepticism which could be placed before the vast majority of mankind. Granting all the mischiefs which the falsehoods and heats of controversy engender, it cannot be denied that it is frequently accompanied with a marked quickening of religious earnestness, and an improvement in men's morals both towards God and towards one another. An age in which men do not dispute about religion is always an age in which men do not care about religion. And if you forcibly repress the disputes, the carelessness instantly follows on your repression. When the Jansenists, the Gallicans, and the Ultramontanes had ceased disputing in France, what were the practical morals that accompanied the subsequent period of quiescence? What were the morals of England when her High Churchmen and her Puritans laid down their arms, tired with the conflict?

We do not, of course, pretend that the *evils* which spring from controversy are not evils, or that they are slight evils. Nor do we imagine that controversy in itself is an instrument of much religious benefit: it often is very much the reverse. But we must take human nature as it is, as a whole, and observe what men are when they show the tendencies of their principles in action. And all experience goes to show, first, that it is impossible to make mankind agree in religion; secondly, that when they are much in earnest in acting on their religion, they are generally very zealous in converting one another each to his own views; and thirdly, that arguments rapidly degenerate into quarrels, that few people have such a confidence in truth as to be above doctoring it, and above misrepresenting an adversary's views. But with all this, the interest in religion, as a thing for practice and not for speculation alone, is kept alive; and if you attempt to silence the warfare, you can do this only by reducing both parties to an utter apathy as to religion and its practical claims on man. Discourage the exaggerations of every good thing, if you please; discountenance every instance of dishonest or savage polemics; take no part in theological disputes, if all you can do is to pour vinegar on gaping wounds: but do not think to cure the patient either by bleeding him to the point of death, or by shutting him up in solitary confinement for life.

Whether the French government will be able to carry out to any great extent these principles, or retrace its steps; whether they will now at last do no more—if any thing more remains to be done—in silencing the expression of political opinion; and whether we shall hear more threats about invading London from fiery colonels, or whether the imperial government will be satisfied by finding that our Parliament is ready to do what is possible to clear up doubtful points in our criminal code,—still the signification of these ebullitions of despotic wrath is not to be forgotten. They tend to destroy little by little the faint hopes we may yet cherish that not merely military and arbitrary rule, but a government of good laws, is yet in store for France under the present dynasty.

WHAT WAS THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE?

WE have already submitted to our readers an article* to prove the religious instincts of Shakespeare from passages of his plays. Our present investigations are more external and objective; and as we are unable to offer any direct contemporary evidence, we must begin early, and take a wide field, in order to present fairly the mass of circumstantial indications that exists.

We will begin with the year 1537, four-and-twenty years before the birth of Shakespeare, probably fifteen years before his father had removed from Snitterfield into Stratford; when fierce contests about the doctrines of the Reformation were first disturbing the rural districts of England. On Easter Monday of that year, the sister of a churchwarden of Bishop's Hampton was married to a substantial man of Stratford; and the event was celebrated with a church-ale. Sir Edward Large, the curate of Hampton, "noted for one of the new learning, as they commonly call those that preach that pure, true, and sincere word of God, and also all that favour them that preach the same," was glad of the opportunity of holding forth to a crowd. In the course of his sermon he said divers strange things—some probably misunderstood by his rustic audience, but no doubt scandalous enough: he told his audience that "all those that use to say our Lady's psalter shall be damned;" and that the Ember-days were instituted by "a Bishop of Rome who had a paramour named Imber,

* In July 1854.

who desired that she might have every quarter three fasting days; whence the said Bishop for her sake caused the fasting days to be had which are now called Ember-days." A poor man named Robert Cotton interrupted the preacher; for which he was brought before the king's commissioners,—William Lucy, John Greville, and John Combe,—and sent to gaol. His case was taken up by Master Clapton, or Clopton, of Stratford, who defended Cotton so vigorously that he got him out of prison, and Lucy into trouble both with the men of Stratford, who were heartily opposed to any innovations in religion, and with Mr. Justice Fitzherbert, the founder of the family that still perpetuates his name and his faith. The document from which these facts may be gleaned was published in the *Athenæum* of April 8, 1857, from the original in the Rolls-Chapel record-office. Besides its interest as affording a lively picture of the conflicts through which the Reformation had to force its way, it is the first notice we have of the family leanings of the great Warwickshire houses in the neighbourhood of Stratford: the Lucys, the Grevilles, and the Combes of Stratford all inclining to the novelties of Luther; the Cloptons, and the men of Stratford, remaining stedfast in the old ways.

Of the other neighbouring families,—as the Ardens, the Catesbys, the Middlemores, the Throckmortons, the Somervilles,—all were opposed to the innovations; so we cannot wonder that when Elizabeth, in the early years of her reign, gradually turned out from their benefices all clergymen who would not conform to her proceedings, most of the parishes around Stratford required new pastors. Thus Dr. Thomas Burton, made vicar of Snitterfield, the native place of Shakespeare's father, in 1557, was deprived in 1561, and succeeded by John Peder; in Aston Cantlowe, the parish where Shakespeare's mother was born, Thomas Court, the vicar, had to resign his living in October 1560. In Stratford-on-Avon, the town where his parents resided, Roger Dioos, whom Queen Mary had presented to the living in 1553, was succeeded by Elizabeth's nominee, John Brethgirdle, February 27th, 1560. The same thing seems to have occurred in Wolveston, Hampton Lucy, Alveston, and Billesley, and perhaps other places round Stratford; a fact only to be decided by a detailed search of the registers.

Mr. Knight, in his biography of Shakespeare, argues that his parents could not have been Catholics, because "the astounding majority of the conforming clergy is a convincing proof how little the opinions of the laity must have been disturbed. They would naturally go along with their old teachers.

We have to imagine, then, that the father and mother of Shakespeare were, at the time of his birth, of the religion established by law." On the contrary, if his parents went along with their old teachers, they remained Catholics.

Shakespeare's mother was Mary Arden, of Wilmecote in Snitterfield, descended from Thomas, a brother of Sir John Arden (ob. 1526), esquire of the body to Henry VII.; from whom came Edward Arden, of Parkhall, not far from Snitterfield, who was married to Mary, daughter of Sir George, and sister of Sir Robert Throckmorton, of Coughton, and consequently aunt of Sir Robert's daughter, the wife of Sir William Catesby, of Bushwood Park in Stratford. Anne, the daughter of Lady Catesby, was married to Sir Henry Browne, son of the first Lord Montague; and Sir Henry Browne's sister Mary was Countess of Southampton, and mother of Henry, the friend and munificent patron of William Shakespeare. The poet, therefore, was not only a humble dependent, but also a distant connection, of the earl's relations. May we not attribute the introduction of the two young men to this alliance of their families?

The Grevilles, as we have noticed, were of the opposite party to these; they threw their interest into the scale with the Lucys, the Combes, the Porters, and others. The sort of weapons with which the warfare was waged may be seen in a *cause célèbre* which commenced, about the period of William Shakespeare's birth, with a conspiracy of Ludovic Greville and one William Porter to get all Mr. William Clopton's lands into their possession. The first notice we have of it is in the State-Paper Office, January 20th, 1564: "Indenture between William Clopton and William Porter; indorsed, 'this is a copy of the false deed which Grivel and Porter caused a suborned person to acknowledge before a master in Chancery in the name of Clopton, whereby Porter conveyed to himself all Clopton's lands.'" Similar papers keep recurring down to November 1572, when we lose sight of the suit. Many persons whose names will recur in our pages were mixed up in the affair. Edmund Catesby, uncle of Sir William, and husband to Porter's sister; Abraham Greville, Sir Fulke Greville, and Sir John Conway, were compromised as witnesses to the fraudulent conveyance. From a volume of depositions about this case, we learn something about Mr. William Bott, whose name often occurs in the documents published by Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Collier: he was a burgess of Stratford, who often sat at the same board with John, the father of William Shakespeare; but, says Mr. Knight, "history makes no mention of his pursuits." History, however, tells us con-

cerning this man, by the mouth of Richard Charnock, of Sutton-Colfield, yeoman, aged seventy years, that

“Wm. Bott robbed Mr. Monford* of Walsoll; and feloniously brought his goods out of Staffordshire, and hid them in bushes in Snitterfield, where Charnock was hunting one snowy morning. Mr. Mytton, who was hawking there, met Charnock and his companions, and told them how he had let his hawk fly at a pheasant, which fled into some bushes, where he followed, and there found three or four bundles of stuff, which seemed to contain pans or plate; thereupon he had the horses that brought it tracked, till they were found, with two men with them, lying under the bushes. These men he sent to Mr. Somerfield, a justice thereby. They declared that the goods had come from Mr. Monford's, and that they were hired by Mr. Bott to carry them home to his house; but as day was breaking, they stayed in the bushes at Snitterfield till night.

William Bott also beguiled one Wm. Clopton, gent., of certain of his lands in Nether Ingon. When Clopton was beyond seas, Bott took from Charnock (then farmer to Clopton) the rents of the lands in his own name, and gave him two acquittances for two half-years in his own name, and said he should sell the lands. Bott showed writings and titles that Charnock thought sufficient. On his return, Clopton had his lands again, and made Charnock refund the two half-years' rents; Charnock never had any remedy against Bott, who was always accounted a common vexer and disturber of the queen's subjects in Warwickshire.”

Ingon, or Ingon-meadow, was a farm in the occupation of Shakespeare's father in 1750.† So Mr. Bott's rascality cannot have been foreign in its interests to the family circle of the poet. Another deposition in the same volume tells us more about the doings of this Stratford gentleman:

“Rowland Wheler, of Henley-in-Arden, shoemaker, aged forty years, deposes that he has known William Bott, late of Stratford-on-Avon, for eight years. He once sent for Wheler, the deponent, and hired him to keep a house called Luddington Farm against Mr. Conias.‡ Wheler had never been in his company before, and was

* We suppose that this Monford was a relative of Monford, or Mountford Scott, a priest and martyr, who is thus noticed in a return of Warwickshire priests, recusants, &c. in 1592: “Coleshull. Here was found one Humphrey Hawes, alias Moseley, an old massing priest and obstinate Papist, now in Warwick gaol. In this parish also we heard of one Mounteford Scott, a Jhesuite and Seminarie, and now hanged as is thought. These two resorted often to some places in Warwickshire, where they have done great hurt.” William Mountfort, Esq., was the chief recusant at Coleshull; other Catholics of the family resided at Solihull.

† Halliwell, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 49.

‡ The name Conias, Connyse, or Conway, is that of a family most of which remained Catholic for some time. In 1592 we find one of the name “calling himself a minister; but presented as a wanderer up and down, and taken for a dangerous Papist.” We know of a F. Connyers, S.J., in 1600.

never his hired servant except by the week or fortnight; but never wore his livery, or had standing wages of him. He was by force fetched out of Luddington by Mr. Arden and Mr. Middlemore, and at that time was with Bott about six weeks. After this, Bott sent him to Worcester to serve a subpoena on Master Conyas; who caused him to be arrested, and kept him in prison at Worcester six weeks, so that he should not certify the service of the subpoena. Afterwards Bott helped him out of prison, took him to London, and then sent him with an injunction to serve on Mr. Conyas at Stratford-on-Avon. At Hallowtide following he had to go with the under-sheriff of Luddington to distrain cattle of Conyas and the tenants. He left him the next Christmas, eight years ago" (this was in June 1571).

Charnock had deposed that Bott had two wives at once, whom the deponent had twice seen. Wheler was examined on this point, and swore that

"He knew Wm. Bott to have two wives alive at one time; one of them lived with Bott while Wheler was in service, and the other was conveyed by Wheler from Dover to Thorne, near Lichfield, to a brother's house of his there. The wife that lived at Stratford with Bott died; and he has since married another, and so still has two wives."*

This Bott is a fair specimen of the swindlers who lived on the penal laws of Elizabeth, by which all security of property was unsettled, and the estates of suspected persons like Clopton were offered as prizes to pious patriots like Greville and Bott.

William Clopton was head of the munificent family that had enriched Stratford with its fine bridge and its guild chapel. He had led his townsmen in their battle against the novelties preached by Large, and patronised by the Lucys, Grevilles, and Combes. He was squire of the place, and had a strong party of friends who were indignant at the wrong done him. William Bott had to decamp. The other gentry, Lucy and Catesby, suffered in their deer; for the deer-stealing of those days was not a mere poaching lark, it was often an act of retributive justice or of revenge. Thus, in 1556, divers "evil-disposed" persons showed their hostility to Heath, the Archbishop of York and Queen Mary's chancellor, by destroying his deer; and in 1600 the "evil-affected," *i. e.* the popishly inclined young men of Lancashire, slew the cattle of William Brettergle,† high constable of the county—doubtless in revenge for his oppression of their religion.‡ Con-

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, Eliz. vol. lxxix.

† Perhaps a relation of Brethgirdle, the first Protestant vicar of Stratford.

‡ State-Paper Office, Nov. 9, 1600.

sidering the relationship of Edmund Catesby to Porter, one of the conspirators against Clopton, we fancy that the following account may have some connection with this famous cause; but whether it has or not, it is interesting as illustrating the story told of Shakespeare's deer-stealing. Lapworth, or Bushwood, Park was in Stratford parish, though about ten miles from the town. It was the property of William Catesby, who at the time of the letter was residing at his manor of Ashby-Legers in Northamptonshire, leaving Bushwood under the care of his uncle. The letter must have been written before 1578-9, when Catesby was residing at Bushwood as sheriff of Warwickshire, and was knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth.

*“Edmund Catesby to his Nephew Mr. William Catesby, Esq., at Legers-Ashby.**

On Monday night, the nineteenth of December, by nine of the clock, there came into your park at Lapworth nine or ten footmen, with greyhounds, and coursed and killed a sore† before any in the park were aware. At the pale-head beneath John Clarke's house the sore turned the head, and the greyhounds were at bay; and with the noise John Clarke heard them, and went out with his bow and shot a forked arrow amongst them, and they shot a burbolt out of a long-bow at him again. For all that John Clarke ran to them to keep them from the deer, and they ran half a dozen of them and beat him, and with their staves brake his bow, and took out his dagger and thrust him into the breast a little; and the while his wife and daughter cried upon Gower for help, and at last Gower and his man came when they were going away, so they left the deer behind: but I suppose they meant to have half a dozen of your deer if John Clarke had not come when he did. Then Gower drew after them with his hound,—he saith as far as the ridgeway, which is at least seven or eight miles from the park, and some three of them before him three miles from the park, and roved with his cross-bow at them a hundred paces off, but after that he could never set eye on them; but when he came home again he was in hand with his father to kill his fee-doe, and his father desired me that he might kill it. I told him there was no such thing in his patent, therefore he could have none; he said my lord chief-baron had seen his patent, and said he should have a fee buck and doe, but he lieth; and Thomas Gower said to me he would never keep that ground where he should not have a fee buck and a doe. I told him he must not keep any of yours, then: and he said, where-soever he kept and could not have it, he would steal one himself; so that I know not how to trust him in your park. I pray you write him a sharp letter to watch your game better. They took one of

* Chapter-House, Miscell. no. 3725.

† A deer of four years old.

the greyhounds that night in the park ; and because I keep Christmas with my brother Gibbs, I have given Gower commandment these holidays to let his man (for that Gower is known) to lead the greyhound to three or four parish-churches, for that lightly he shall hear whose dog he is. He shall say, if any man challenge him, he took him up by the highways, and so by that means we are like to hear who were in the park ; and if I may know, I will take such order that they shall answer it in the Star-Chamber. I pray you let me know when you go to the term. Cope, your man, would fain be at your work. Thus much I thought good to write to you of the hunting ; and with my wife's commendations and mine to you and my niece, I end in haste, the 22d of December.—By your loving uncle,
EDMUNDE CATESBY."

From the researches of Collier and Halliwell, it appears that John Shakespeare came to reside at Stratford about 1551. His occupation in 1556 was that of a glover. He prospered, and was chosen a burgess of the town shortly after Michaelmas 1557, and in September the next year he was made one of the four constables ; in 1561 he filled a higher office, that of chamberlain ; in July 1565 he was chosen alderman, and from Michaelmas 1568 to Michaelmas 1569 he was high-bailiff ; in September 1571 he was elected chief alderman, which office he held till September 1572.*

John Shakespeare was of course a Catholic when elected burgess and constable of Stratford in the reign of Philip and Mary. Did he become a Protestant at the change of religion in 1559 or 1560? Mr. Knight is positive that he did : "That John Shakespeare was what we popularly call a Protestant in 1568, when his son William was four years old, may be shown by the clearest of proofs. He was in that year the chief magistrate of Stratford ; he could not have become so without taking the oath of supremacy, according to the statute of 1 Elizabeth, 1558-9. To refuse this oath was made punishable with forfeiture and imprisonment." Mr. Knight's conclusion will not hold good. It is one thing to enact, another to enforce the enactment. The oath was first of all required of the clergy, and even of them only gradually : the queen had often to check the indiscreet zeal of her ecclesiastical commissioners, who were shutting up the churches by depriving them of their pastors before substitutes could be had. It was years before this work was finished ; and only after the clergy were settled did the government begin to enforce the law upon justices of the peace, who were first asked in 1570 to subscribe the act of uniformity. Many refused ; among these were Sir Robert Throckmorton,

* Halliwell, pp .25-27

Thomas Throckmorton, and Robert Middlemore of Warwickshire.* And it was nine years after this, in 1579, that justices of the peace were first forced to take the oath of supremacy; when we find, in Warwickshire, Sir John Throckmorton, Simon Arden, and eight others, refusing, against twenty who took the oath. Up to 1579, therefore, one-third of the justices of Warwickshire were recusants;† we could point to at least one notorious recusant, Sir George Peckham, who was acting as magistrate for Middlesex as late as December 1580.‡ It was the same with the judges: "On the day following the accession of Queen Elizabeth," says Foss,§ "new commissions were issued to all the judges," many of whom continued faithful to their religion; and in the list of the judges of the reign he notes several who were Catholics. Whatever the law was, the Catholic party was then far too strong to allow of its being generally enforced on the laity. We will, therefore, not allow that John Shakespeare ever had the oath tendered to him as a qualification for his municipal dignities; especially when we find that Robert Middlemore, the recusant, was himself the sheriff of the county for the year when John Shakespeare was high-bailiff of Stratford, 1568-9,—Middlemore being the person to tender the oath that he refused to take himself. It is a gratuitous assumption of Mr. Knight's, to infer from such general grounds that John Shakespeare was unfaithful to the religion of his childhood.

On the part of the government, then, his religion would be no bar to his office; nor, we imagine, would it be any objection to his election on the part of the town. We have seen how, in 1537, the men of Stratford followed William Clopton in his opposition to religious innovations: Clopton was still the chief man of the town, and John Shakespeare was his tenant. Clopton evidently remained a Catholic; it was only in 1592 that his widow was forced to conform. The change came gradually over Stratford. Brethgirdle, the vicar from 1560 to 1571, seems to have had no license to preach; his successor, Heycroft, was a preacher, but he resigned in 1584. Under Brethgirdle the doctrines of the Reformation must have made but small progress: all the townspeople might have been baptised, married, and buried by him, for no Catholic would ever think of denying the validity of those two sacraments as administered by the new clergy; and as for burials, there was, till very few years back, no other place for Catholics to be buried in but the churchyard. The

* State-Paper Office, Eliz. vol. lxxvii. no. 24. † Ibid. vol. cxxxiii. nos. 10-13.

‡ Ibid. vol. cxliv. nos. 56-58. § Judges of England, vol. v. p. 403.

baptismal and funeral registers of John Shakespeare's children, therefore, prove nothing concerning his religion. Heycroft, the preacher, probably worked more effectually than his predecessor, and succeeded at last in securing the preponderance for the Protestant interest; and John Shakespeare, who had attained the highest municipal dignities just before the induction of the new vicar, and who was chief alderman in the first year of his ministry, from that time forth held no honours, and after 1575 appears continually sinking in society. Up to that date he had been continually adding to his property: from that time we find him on the other side of the account, selling and mortgaging, till in 1579 he was unable to pay a levy of three shillings and threepence, and in 1586 was returned by the constables as "having nothing to distrain upon." There is also a quantity of evidence showing him unable to pay his debts,—rated at less sums than his brother aldermen, eluding writs of *capias*, and once actually clapped up in prison.

Yet his biographers, especially Mr. Knight, are unwilling to accept even these evidences of his poverty. Mr. Halliwell makes the following remarks on them:

"There is, indeed, so much uncertainty in reasoning on indications such as these, which might have been caused by a variety of circumstances, that I cannot think they prove the distress attributed to John Shakespeare by Malone. And when we find him in 1579 burying a very young child with more expense than was absolutely required, we are led to conclude that his position was by no means so hazardous as has been represented." (p. 52.)

If biographers really want a reason to account for John Shakespeare, though in no distress or actual want, mortgaging and selling the greater part of his property, we would suggest to them that his being a recusant fully accounts for it; for "fraudulent" mortgages and sales were the recognised means of evading the iniquitous robberies of the penal laws: "The recusants convey all their lands and goods to friends of theirs before their convictions, and are relieved by those that have the same lands."* Such would be the most natural account of the "circumstances which placed him in a delicate legal position."†

It appears that about the time of his first going down in the world John Shakespeare went to reside out of Stratford. Was this to avoid the persecutions of the preacher? At the same time he must have given up his trade of glover; indeed

* Lansdowne Ms. 153, p. 232.

† Halliwell, p. 134.

in 1579 he calls himself “yeoman;”^{*} and he had then left off the complicated mark with which he had hitherto signed his name (for he could not write), and had adopted the proper sign of a persecuted Christian—the cross; he also began habitually to absent himself from the “halls,” or meetings, of the corporation, until in 1586, September 6, we find this notice:

“At this hall Wm. Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the place of John Wheler and John Shaxpere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shaxpere doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time.”

If there were any room to doubt the reason why these persons were turned out of the corporation, all misgivings ought to be set at rest by the following return of recusants, dated September 1592: “Stratford-on-Avon.—Mr. John Wheeler, John Wheeler his son, Mr. John Shakespeare,” and six others. It is true that after their names comes a note: “It is said that these last nine come not to church for fear of process for debt.” On this Mr. Halliwell observes:

“It must be remarked of this document, that it distinctly professes to contain a list ‘of all such recusants as have been heretofore presented for not coming monthly to the church;’ so that we may take it for granted that John Shakespeare’s name had appeared as a non-attendant at divine service in an earlier return (or returns). How far it may be said to prove him distinctly a recusant, is a question that must be left to be decided hereafter by evidence not now known.”

“How far it proves him distinctly a recusant” indeed! Why here, in a legal document, he is distinctly called a recusant; only it is said in excuse, that he is afraid to stir out for fear of process for debt. It is remarkable, that this fear seems only to have kept him in-doors on Sundays.[†] For in July and August of the same year,—that is, in the two months preceding the date of the certificate,—we find him making valuations and inventories of the goods and chattels of persons deceased.[‡] He could stir out well enough about his ordinary business; it was only when the commissioners asked him why he did not go to church that he, or his friends for him, answered that he was afraid of process. Mr. Halliwell, as an antiquary, ought to have known well enough that this was *the* common excuse of recusants. Thus, in 1577, we have Cheney, the Bishop of Gloucester (who desired to screen the poor Papists), dividing recusants into three classes: those who

^{*} Halliwell, p. 22.

[†] Quære,—*could* attachments for debt be served on Sundays in those days?

[‡] Halliwell, pp. 67, 69.

excused their non-attendance at church by the plea of ill health; those who used the plea of debt,—both classes “suspected of Popery;”^{*} and thirdly, Puritans. Hence we see that *all* Popish recusants employed the plea of debt or of ill health. Again, under the date of October 18th, 1586, we find an examination of Thomas Huncks, of Clapton, Gloucestershire, who was apprehended for going to Fotheringay to Mr. Fynes, one of the sewers to Mary Queen of Scots, to ask him to deliver a letter to Sir William Catesby. One of the points is, “Item, he saith he was not at church these three or four years. *The cause was, that he durst not for fear of attachments.*” Yet there can be no doubt that a man employed in business between Sir William Catesby, who had been converted by Father Parsons in 1580, and Queen Mary, was a Popish recusant. We could produce fifty more examples to the same effect. The controversy about Shakespeare’s religion exhibits a fact in morals by no means new: according to the religion of the biographers, so do they assume his to have been; and no proof, however direct, is sufficient to make Protestant writers admit that even his father was a Catholic. If we ourselves add another unit to this series, at any rate we do not rest our proofs on such contemptible arguments as those used by Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Knight.

Having proved distinctly enough that Shakespeare’s father was a Catholic, and so continued, at least up to 1592, let us go back a little, and trace the company into which he must have been led by his religion. We have seen that Shakespeare’s mother, Mary Arden, was a cousin of Edward Arden, the squire of Parkhall; distant enough to have been forgotten if she had moved out of the neighbourhood, but near enough in those clannish days to be remembered and patronised when living close at hand. John Somerfield was another of the gentry; and, as we have seen, the next justice to Snitterfield, before whom the men employed by Bott to rob Monford were taken. We have evidence of the acquaintance of Shakespeare’s family with this gentleman. He appears in 1560 as principal witness to a lease granted by Agnes Arden of Wilmecote (Shakespeare’s grandmother) to Alexander Webb, whose son had married one of her daughters.[†] This Somerville had a son John, born also in 1560, who afterwards married Margaret, a daughter of Edward Arden. The Ardens and the Somervilles were all Catholics.

Now we cannot doubt of young Shakespeare’s acquaintance with these people. In those days the system of retainers was in full force; though Elizabeth, seeing what a powerful

^{*} State-Paper Office, Eliz. vol. cxvii. no. 12.

[†] Halliwell, p. 12.

instrument it might be to resist her religious innovations, had devoted her energies to crushing it: she feared the strength that retainers gave the nobles. But her upstart favourites were none the less anxious to make every body wear their livery. In Warwickshire, the Earl of Leicester stood foremost in this course; his endeavours to make a strong party were open enough to give almost all their point to the accusations of treason levelled at him in Parsons' stinging satire, *Leicester's Commonwealth*. Many of the first Warwickshire gentlemen, Dugdale tells us, thought it no small honour to wear his livery. But there was one, Edward Arden, whose ancestors had been settled in the county before the Conquest, who disdained to turn flunkey to a new man, and one stained with such black crimes.

Arden did not forget that "when Leicester was in full hope to marry the queen, and his own wife stood in his light, he sent her to the house of his servant Foster, at Cumnor, where shortly after she chanced to fall down-stairs and break her neck, yet without hurting the hood she wore; that long after this he fell in love with Lady Sheffield, and then also had the same fortune to have her husband die quickly with an extreme rheum in his head; and that he had the like good chance in the death of the Earl of Essex,"* who was hurrying from Ireland to revenge himself on Leicester for the ruin of his wife, but who died by the way of a poisoned cup which killed others beside him. Long before Essex's murder, Leicester had kept the infamous Countess of Essex at the house of one Digby, a justice of Warwickshire and creature of his. Arden testified his disgust at all this, and galled the earl "by certain harsh expressions touching his private accesses to the Countess of Essex before she was his wife."† There was a great battle in Warwickshire: Arden, the noble old Saxon thane, asserted his own sturdy independence; he stuck to the old religion, flouted Leicester's livery, and scoffed at his infamous life. He was supported by the prayers of all that was respectable in the county, and had a crowd of retainers and admirers; but Leicester won the day.

In October 1583, poor young Somerville, whose ill-regulated mind had long brooded on the wrongs and oppressions suffered by the Catholics, became quite crazy, and went up towards London with a mad idea of shooting the queen. Camden tells us that,

"The writings of certain Papists against the queen and other excommunicated princes drew some men from their obedience, and so

* *Leicester's Commonwealth*.

† Dugdale, *Warwickshire*, p. 681.

distracted one Somerville, that in all haste he took a journey privately to the queen's court, and breathing nothing but blood against the Protestants, furiously set upon one or two by the way with his sword. Being apprehended, he confessed that he would have killed the queen with his own hands; whereon he, Arden, Arden's wife, and his wife, and Hall, a priest, as accessories, were condemned. Three days after, Somerville was found strangled in prison. Arden was condemned, and the next day after hanged and quartered. The women and priest were spared. This woeful end of this gentleman, *who was drawn in by the cunning of the priest and cast by his evidence*, was generally imputed to Leicester's malice. Certain it is he had incurred Leicester's displeasure; rashly opposing him in all he could, reproaching him as an adulterer, and defaming him as a new upstart."

Dugdale reports the same: "through the testimony of one Hall, a priest, Arden was found guilty, and lost his life in Smithfield." Here we see the same abominable policy as two years before was practised with such effect in Campion's case. It was publicly declared, and every one believed, that the priests were the traitors whose testimony hanged the Catholics; yet all the examinations in this case are extant, and prove clearly that Hall's evidence went for nothing. Arden suffered, not on the evidence of the priest, but on that of Somerville, his son-in-law, whom Burghley at the time owned to be mad, in his tract upon "the Execution of Justice in England,"* where he says, in mockery of our martyrs,

"To this number they may, if they seek number, also add a furious young man of Warwickshire, by name Somerville, to increase their catalogue of the Pope's martyrs; who of late was discovered and taken in his way, coming with a full intent to have killed her majesty. . . . The attempt not denied by the traitor himself, but confessed that he was moved thereto in his wicked spirit by enticements of certain seditious and traitorous persons, his kinsmen and allies, and also by often reading of sundry seditious vile books lately published against her majesty; and his end was in desperation to strangle himself to death."

The history of this miserable proceeding is as follows: On Friday October 25, Somerville, with a boy to attend him, was riding up from Stratford to London, and had got as far as Oxford, when he went into an inn for refreshment; and there, before a number of persons, he declared that his purpose was to go to London, where he was in hopes to see the queen, and meant to shoot her with his dagg or pistol, and hoped to see her head set on a pole; for she was a serpent and a viper.†

* Somers' Tracts, vol. i. p. 203.

† State-Paper Office, October 28, 1583, no. 295.

The excited youth was at once secured, and taken before a justice named Doyley, who sent him to London, where he was committed to the Gatehouse, on the 29th of October. When he had become somewhat calmer, he was examined. He declared that he had not been out of his house for a month; that none resorted to him but some of his tenants; that he was never acquainted with any Jesuit or seminary priest; that the *Agnus Dei* found about him—it was felony to bear such “superstitious trumpery”—had been attached to his little gold cross by one of his maids; and that he never had an idea of any attempt against the queen before he was committed by Mr. Doyley to the custody of a constable, *when he was beside himself*.^{*} Burghley and the council knew well enough that the young man was not in his right mind; but he was too ready an instrument for their purposes to be hastily let loose; so on the 31st of October they moved him to the Tower, and there with rack and violence forced out of him this confession:[†]

“He was first moved to take the queen’s life on Wednesday and Thursday week; it grew upon a report from his wife that one Hawle, a priest, had delivered certain speeches at Park Hall, in the presence of his wife, Mr. Arden, his father-in-law, and Mrs. Arden, that touched her majesty greatly in honour. This wrought in him a hatred to the queen, which grew to this resolution; he was also moved thereto by certain English books containing some exhortation tending to that wicked enterprise. He also sent one Francis Ems to Holtby, to Hawle, that he might be confessed by him, and receive the sacrament, thinking thereby that he should be more quiet in mind. He sent to him two days before he took his journey; but Hawle refused to come, alleging that he had a sore leg. He also made Sir John Conway privy to his trouble of mind about an intent he had to do somewhat for the benefit of the commonwealth, but did in no sort acquaint him with his intent. Sir John advised him to lay these conceits aside. He gave assent to the motion the Tuesday before his departure from his house; whereto he made his wife privy, and delivered his intent before her, his two sisters Margaret and Elizabeth, and one Joice Hill.[‡] This was on Thursday week, at

^{*} State-Paper Office, October 29, 1583, no. 299.

[†] Ibid. ult. October 1583, no. 300.

[‡] In spite of Mr. Hunter, we think that possibly Agnes Arden was mother—not step-mother—to Mrs. John Shakespeare and her six sisters; that in her will she calls John Hill her son because he had married her daughter Jocose, or Joice, Arden; and that this person, or her daughter, is the Joice Hill who was with Somerville. Also that Agnes Arden calls Alexander Webb her brother because he was the father of the Alexander Webb who had married another daughter of hers, Margaret Arden; also that she calls John Fulwood her son-in-law because he had married Mary Hill, the sister of her favourite son John Hill. In those days, the terms *brother*, *son*, *son-in-law*, &c. were used in a much wider signification than at present, as we could easily show. If this opinion is not accepted, then we must suppose that Joice Hill was a daughter of John Hill, and named after Jocose,

night, when he was abed. His wife persuaded him to leave these speeches, and to sleep."

Poor Somerville was treated as a madman by his friends. The Warwickshire justice merely tells him to lay his conceits aside. His wife and sisters and Joice Hill treat him like a child, and bid him go to sleep when he blurts out his dangerous words—certainly not in the style of a conspirator. Immediately that Somerville's departure was discovered, his wife rode after him as far as Aylesbury; but unhappily he had taken another way, and she heard of his apprehension at Oxford. She knew too well the temper of the enemies of the Papists; so she rode back in hot haste, broke open the door of her husband's study, removed the books and plate with the assistance of Lady Conway, and then went up with several servants to London to see what she could do for her husband. There, of course, she was apprehended, and committed to the Tower.

Messengers were immediately sent to Warwickshire to catch Arden and his wife, and Hall the priest. Thomas Wilkes was Walsingham's commissioner. This man went, and soon ferreted out the persons compromised by Somerville. With the rest, he sent up Sir John Conway, who confessed that Somerville had been with him on Wednesday October 23, and declared that "he was resolved he must die for the commonwealth, which he was content to do. Sir John told him to leave such idle speeches, and Somerville left." Sir John, however, was committed to the custody of Alderman Roe.* Wilkes established his head-quarters at Sir Thomas Lucy's, at Charlecott; from whence he wrote two epistles to his employers, both dated November 7, 1583. In the first, to Walsingham, he says:

"Unless you can make Somerville, Arden, Hall the priest, Somerville's wife, and his sister, speak directly to those things which you desire to have discovered, it will not be possible for us here to find out more than is found already; for the Papists in this county generally do work upon the advantage of clearing their houses of all shows of suspicion, and therefore, unless you can charge them with matter from the mouths of your prisoners, look not to wring any thing from them by finding of matter of suspicion in their houses.

or Joice, Arden, Shakespeare's aunt. Agnes Arden's deed of settlement being dated in 1556 does not prove that she was not married to Arden before that date. We know that Wm. Catesby was married to Anne Throckmorton before 1578; yet in June 1580 we have an "indenture of agreement between Sir Wm. Catesby and Sir Robert Throckmorton for the settlement of certain manors, &c. by way of jointure for Dame Anne, now wife of Sir William Catesby." We have seen no evidence that absolutely proves that Agnes Arden was *not* Mary Shakespeare's own mother.

* State-Paper Office, Nov. 7, 1583, no. 317.

I suppose there will be little need of my further service here ; howbeit, I determine not to remove from hence until it shall be signified from you that I may return."

Walsingham hoped to get better evidence to hang Arden upon than that of his crazy son-in-law. Wilkes tells him not to expect any other than what he can rack out of the parties accused. Even this resource failed ; and Walsingham was at last obliged to be contented with the evidence he had already, though now he treated it as wholly insufficient. Wilkes' second letter is directed to Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham. We give only an abstract of it :

"I received your letter of the 2d on the 3d instant, at Park-hall, Arden's house, as I was departing and sending Arden to you. I immediately went with Sir Thomas Lucy and Mr. Griffin, the preacher, to Edward Grant's house, Northbrooks, while Mr. Aglionby and Mr. Burgoyne went to Hall's of Idlecote ; and both places were searched at one instant.

At Grant's we found only a book called *The Censure*,* which seemed to have been long lying beneath the bed-tester ; and in a trunk of Elizabeth Somerville's the *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ*.

Nothing was found at Hall's house,—by books, papers, or otherwise,—that might yield him suspected. Here lodges Somerville's mother, a creature almost past sense and memory in respect of sickness.

Grant confesses that Edward, one of his sons, gave the book to Elizabeth Somerville. He is supposed to be fled into Shropshire ; but we have laid wait for his apprehension.

Joice Hill confesses that Elizabeth brought the book to Mr. Somerville, who was much perplexed in mind after reading it. Elizabeth afterwards conveyed it away again, whither she only can tell.

All superstitious books found at Somerville's have already been sent to you by Sir Thomas Lucy.

Somerville's wife, straitly examined,† will best discover what the book was, and how her husband came by the *Agnus Dei* ; and his sister, whither she has conveyed the book. I learn that this woman is a very perverse and malicious Papist, and has lately been beyond seas.

Somerville's boy, who accompanied him part of the way to London, describes his demeanour as that of one tormented in mind. It will be alleged in his excuse that since Midsummer he has been affected with a frantic humour, grown (as it is said) of jealousy received of his wife. True it is, that three or four days before he departed from his house his mind was greatly troubled, insomuch that he could not sleep ; the trouble of his mind was greatly augmented by reading the books, according to his own confession. The con-

* F. Parsons' Answer to Charke and Hanmer's book against Campion.

† i. e. by torture.

flict of his mind grew doubtless between his wicked determination and his fear and irresolution,—for he is noted to be a great coward.

His wife had knowledge of his purpose, but was unwilling he should hazard himself. When she heard he was gone towards London, she rode after him to bring him back as far as Aylesbury; but he had gone another way.

The *Agnus Dei* was probably given him for protection. The desire to confess and receive the sacrament is common in such treasons, as we find in the history of King John poisoned by a monk, and the Spaniard who lately hurt the Prince of Orange.

Hawle the priest is here noted for a most dangerous practiser; a conveyer of intelligence to all the capital Papists in these parts; a resorter unto them under the cloke of a gardener: he converteth, reconcileth, confesseth, saith Mass, &c.: probably he suggested the notion to Somerville. The plot is widely ramified, as we may see by the fact, that in all the houses of the Papists where we have made search, although most of them are notorious recusants, we have found neither books, letters, nor any show of Popery by beads, crosses, or other trumpery that might draw them into suspicion. They conveyed all such things away immediately upon the rumour of Somerville's apprehension.

The gents who have joined with me in this service, being wise and well affected towards her majesty, are sufficiently able to execute your honour's further directions."

The Ardens, the Somervilles, and Hall were indicted for treason at Warwick early in December; but the venue was changed to London. Leicester doubtless feared he should not be able to get "justice" in the county where he was so hated, and Arden so popular. They were all condemned: Somerville was removed to Newgate, where in a few hours he was found strangled; Arden was butchered in Smithfield; the ladies and Hall endured a long imprisonment in the Tower; one of Leicester's henchmen enjoyed Arden's and Somerville's lands,—from which he was, however, afterwards ejected by Arden's son; and Mrs. Arden was continually examined about her husband's title-deeds, which he had managed to convey away.

Dr. Allen has the following notice of these murders and robberies in his answer to Burghley's *Justitia Britannica*:*

"He maliciously asks us to add to our catalogue of martyrs one Somerville, lately slain—perhaps a real martyr in God's eyes, if, as all men say, and the author of the libel himself confesses, he was beside himself and furious. For whatever he did in that state he is not answerable; but his enemies are guilty of murder, especially if they sent a person to kill him secretly, for fear lest their horrible machinations to compass the condemnation and death of Edward

* Bridgewater, p. 317.

Arden, the innocent and brave, should ever come to light. Arden's guilt was the same as that of Naboth; and his words, 'I wish the queen were in heaven,' were so rigidly and severely handled by a mighty and sworn enemy of his, who for years had been planning his destruction, that they, together with his open zeal for the Catholic religion, were enough to bring him to a bloody death, whereat the whole county mourned."*

And what has all this to do with Shakespeare? We have already shown the intimacy of his grandmother and aunt, or cousin, with the Somervilles. And we have strong grounds for identifying the poet himself with one who for six years had lived in Edward Arden's family as a page; who, on the marriage of Somerville with Margaret Arden, in 1580, was begged by the young bridegroom to be his secretary and manager of his law affairs. If this idea should be well founded, then we should not only prove that Arden's story has a great deal to do with Shakespeare, but should also explain much that has hitherto been inexplicable in the poet's biography. For instance:

"Mr. Collier follows Malone in considering there is sufficient internal evidence in Shakespeare's plays to warrant the belief that he was employed in the office of an attorney after he had quitted the free-school. He says, 'Proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays; and it may be safely asserted that they do not occur any thing like so frequently in the dramatic productions of his contemporaries.'"[†]

If Shakespeare conducted the law business of Arden and Somerville, this difficulty is cleared up. He was young for the business, certainly; but he might have been as good a lawyer as his disguised Portia, "the young doctor of Rome, the greatness of whose learning could not be enough commended; whose lack of years was no impediment to his reverend estimation; for never was there so young a body with so old a

* For the sake of completeness, we will add Dugdale's account of Somerville (Warwickshire, p. 830), "who in 25 Eliz., being a hot-spirited gentleman, and about twenty-three years of age, but a Roman Catholic by profession, is said to have been so far transported with zeal for the restoring of that religion by the instigation of one Hall, a priest, that he resolved to kill the queen; and to that purpose made a journey to London: and that upon his apprehension he confessed his intent; but being arraigned, condemned, and committed to Newgate, within three days after he was found strangled in his lodging. How far forth he was guilty of this, God knows; for with what a high hand things were then borne, through the power of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is not unknown to most men; which earl had a particular spleen against Mr. Arden of Parkhall, father-in-law of this gentleman, as by sundry aged persons of credit I have often heard." The memory of the crime still lived in Warwickshire in Dugdale's days.

[†] Halliwell, p. 108.

head:" we may fancy Shakespeare, like Nerissa, Portia's clerk,

"A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy."

Next, this will account for the enmity between Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Lucy, the tool of Leicester, the persecuting Puritan justice, who had Shakespeare "oft whipt, and sometimes imprisoned; and at last made him fly his native county" for stealing his venison and rabbits, as the Rev. R. Davies writes eighty years after Shakespeare's death. Malone, Knight, and others, who cannot bear that any stain on the poet's morals should be believed, do all they can to overthrow this tradition. One thing they can never do, and that is, disprove that Sir Thomas Lucy is the Mr. Justice Shallow of Shakespeare's plays. "It must be conceded," says Halliwell, "that Sir Thomas Lucy had in some way or other persecuted the poet; for nothing short of a persecution would have provoked an attack from one elsewhere so moderate and gentle in the few notices he has recorded of his contemporaries." Lucy was the unscrupulous enemy of Arden, and the fawning flatterer of Leicester; he was the man who conducted the searches of Papists' premises in the latter part of 1583, when, as we have seen, the Catholics cleared their houses, and the young men fled into places of safety. This period is just that when it is most probable Shakespeare first had to run off to London.

Thirdly, it was only a year and a quarter after this that his children, Hamlet and Judith, were born. He cannot, therefore, have been absent more than six months; venturing back when the persecution was over, but retaining his indignation in his heart, and making his poor friend Somerville his hero. For who but Somerville is the original of Hamlet? Great wits and madness are allied, as we all know. Somerville's madness is no argument of dullness. Like Hamlet, he concealed his determination to kill the prince under the natural mask of alienation of mind. Somerville was a man that had admirers among the admired; Charles Paget wrote to the Queen of Scots about him, and told her of "the great sorrow he had had to see his house ruined, and his dear friend murdered, which God's enemies and his, by printed book, said he did himself." For it appears by Mary's protests to M. Mauvissiere, Jan. 5, 1584, that Walsingham had tried to use Somerville's pretended plot as a means of implicating her;—she takes God to witness that she had never heard the names of any of the persons condemned. The novel of *Hamblet* was before

Shakespeare, and it is uncertain when his play was written; but it is clear that both name and plot occupied his mind at this time—for to his two twin children, born early in 1585, he gave the names of Hamlet (Hanmet) and Judith, the mad conspirator and the valiant woman who had assassinated Holofernes, and for mentioning whose name in a prayer-book, Carter, the printer, had just been hanged.* Shakespeare lost his son Hamlet; but he has left us a more immortal creation, to commemorate at once the name of his child and the misfortunes of his friend.

Fourthly, this is not inconsistent with the traditions concerning the poet. Thus Southwell writes in 1693: "The clerk that showed us the church is above eighty years old. He says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London, &c."† Only suppose that Puritan tradition had transformed the would-be regicide and "sacrificer"‡ into a butcher, and we have the same tale. Aubrey improves upon this, by making the poet the son of a butcher; and he tells us that "there was another butcher's son in the town, his acquaintance and coetanean, that was held not at all inferior to him for natural wit, but died young." Is this a reminiscence of the promise of Somerville's youth? "When he killed a calf, he would do it in high style, and make a speech." Poor Somerville, when he was going to kill *his* calf, "would do it in high style, and make a speech," and so was cut short in his career; but how to apply the tradition to Shakespeare, we confess, puzzles us: however, Aubrey's authority is rejected by all writers of credit. The next tradition, though recorded by Aubrey, is quite in contradiction with the butcher story, when literally understood. "He had been in his younger years," says Mr. Beeston, "a schoolmaster in the county;" and we suppose that the page professed a little Latin as well as law in Arden's house. His escape would necessarily entail both poverty and privacy in London; and he might easily have been reduced both to assuming a false name, and to holding horses at the playhouse-door.

Here we must suspend our investigations for the present, promising our readers to return to them as soon as possible.

* Notice, too, how he protests against Puritanism by giving his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, names from the "apocrypha," which had been thrust out of the Bible by the divines of 1562.

† Halliwell, p. 88.

‡ "Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius." (Jul. Cæs. act ii. sc. 1.)

Reviews.

MODERN POETS.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. Tenth Edition. London: Moxon. 1855. (First published 1830)

In Memoriam. By the same. Seventh Edition. London: Moxon. 1856.

Maud. By the same.

Festus: a Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Fifth Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.

The Mystic, and other Poems. By the same. Second Edition. 1855. London: Chapman.

The Minor Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. A new Edition. London: Moxon. 1855.

Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Burns and Lambert. 1855.

May Carols. By the same. London: Longmans. 1857.

Poems. By Frederic William Faber, D.D. Second Edition. 1857.

The Poetical Works of Henry W. Longfellow. A new Edition, illustrated by Gilbert. London: Routledge. 1857.

The Masque of Mary, and other Poems. By Edward Caswall. London: Burns and Lambert. 1858.

“THERE was a time,” says Dr. Brownson, in a late Number of his excellent Review,—“there was a time when we read and loved poetry, when we even thought we really could tell poetry if we found it: but we find so much praised nowadays as poetry, so much passing for poetry of the first order which in our younger days would hardly have been regarded as respectable prose, that we no longer dare undertake to decide, even for ourselves, what is or is not poetry.” Very many persons have much the same feelings regarding our recent poets as Dr. Brownson. The poets have of late become so wonderfully eccentric, that they have quite bewildered the poor critics who undertake to sit in judgment upon them; and if those clear-headed gentlemen begin to waver, and get misty and unsettled too, what is the public to think? Shall we say that there is no such thing as poetry? or that there is such a thing as poetry, but that it is ineffable, and beggars description or defies definition? or that poetry is simply *subjective*, as the German slang phrases it; so that

what is poetry to one man's mind is prose to another man's mind, and *vice versâ*? Shall we discard the voice of antiquity, and make a new *ars poetica* to suit these times? But if you wish for confusion worse confounded, go back to the *Edinburgh Review* of October 1856, where you may read as follows: "Poetry is an infinite subject; and an infinite number of clever things, true and false, have been said about it: 'It is the pleasure of a truth,' says Aristotle; 'It is the pleasure of a lie,' says Bacon. We, of course (the reviewer proceeds), side with Aristotle, who gave the Muse the worthiest praise she ever received when he wrote, 'Poetry is more philosophical and more deserving of attention than history; for poetry speaks more of universals, but history of particulars.'" However, Sir Philip Sidney seems, to our mind, to have given her greater praise still; for the article proceeds: "Sir Philip Sidney, in his defence of poetry, proves further that poetry is more philosophical than philosophy herself." The reviewer does not inform us how Sir Philip manages to establish his point; but goes on to tell us, in the words of "the poet," that "the spirit of poetry is in fact 'as broad and general as the casing air,' and that wheresoever there is interest properly human, there too may be poetry;" and having recorded the clever things of other men, he proceeds to give his own clever thing, that "whatsoever stands immediately and obviously in relation to universal truth,—be it action or suffering, thought or emotion, a psychological fact or a phenomenon of nature,—is perceived, by those who are able to appreciate that relation, to have within it a capability of being sung." Then at length comes a definition, which the reviewer calls a "rough definition," that "poetry is truth or fact of properly human, important, and general intelligibility, verbally expressed so as to affect the feelings." For instance, Smith says to his wife, "Dear me, what a horrible attempt this is which has just been made in Paris upon the life of the Emperor: several persons seriously injured!" "Dear, dear, how shocking!" is the answer. And this is poetry, because Smith expresses verbally fact or truth of proper human import so as to affect Mrs. Smith's feelings. Nay, this expression of horror looks to something permanent; for as long as there shall be Smiths in the world, so long will the idea of assassination be a shock to their natural feelings: Smith is only an individual, but he speaks the sentiment of permanent humanity. We should not have mentioned this article, as it was published some time since, did it not express an opinion which has other supporters besides the reviewer. "We can hardly understand at the present day," says Mr. Matthew

Arnold, himself a poet, "what Menander meant when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his poem, that he had finished it—not having yet written a single line—because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended upon the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along." Certainly it is an error to imagine that the poem is the brilliant things individually considered; but to go to the opposite extreme, and make the action of the poem to be poetry, is like avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis. Why, according to this notion of poetry, Shakespeare had finished his poem when he said, speaking of Othello, "I will write a poem, the moral of which shall be the evil effects of jealousy; and I will make a jealous husband fall a victim to the snares of some base intriguer, kill his wife and himself into the bargain: and this horrible catastrophe shall illustrate my position, that jealousy is an evil passion." Philosophy is philosophy, morality is morality, and poetry is poetry. Of course a poem may have a moral object, just as architecture may have a moral object; or it may have a philosophical object, just as history may, or ought to, have a philosophical object: but, as architecture is not therefore morality, nor history philosophy, so poetry is neither philosophy nor morality. *Ut pictura poesis erit* is a great poet's idea of poetry; nay, we are so thoroughly unsophisticated in this matter as to be satisfied with the definition which we got up from Blair in our schoolboy days, that poetry is the language of imagination, or excited feeling, generally expressed in measured lines,—such is at least the substance of the definition. Poetry and painting are twin sisters, for the poet paints in words on the imagination as the painter paints with colours on the canvas; and as a picture is one whole, and not this or that individual cloud, stone, shrub, or waterfall, so a poem is one whole, and is not the separate "brilliant things" which go to make up the poem. We shall, however, have to show hereafter, that the definition of a poem as a picture presented to the imagination, and of poetry as the art of depicting in words, has been sometimes misunderstood.

Having thus premised on the nature of poetry, that the reader may understand upon what principle we are going to judge of the merits of our modern poets, we return to our reviewer, who, following up his idea that poetry is a certain subtle morality or philosophy, concludes that "the high places of English poetry are at this time unfilled." In different sense, we both agree and disagree with this decision. Of course we have no living poets equal to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or

Milton ; but that there is no "true poet," as people speak, that we have only minor poets and poetasters, is not at all true. It seems almost a paradox to say, but we think that at the present time we have good poets, but bad poems. There is no lack of poetical genius; but there is a great deficiency of judgment, tact, taste, or, in one word, of common sense, in our living poets, generally speaking. And if any one shall say, that surely judgment is a part of genius, we do not wish to quarrel about words, so that our meaning be understood; for by genius we understand the creative faculty, as distinguished from those more practical faculties of the mind which go commonly by the name of talents and abilities,—a sense which the word 'genius' bears often enough to warrant the use of it in this paper. Genius, however sublime, will not suffice alone to make a poem; the poet wants common sense. What if the ideas be sublime, if, on the other hand, as Dr. Brownson observes, they are expressed in language which would hardly have been considered as "respectable prose"? Elderly gentlemen do not read or appreciate our modern poets; but is the fault in themselves, or in the poets? We think it is in the poets; and we will proceed to enumerate the chief defects of the poetry of our age which are peculiar to our age, and to illustrate these as far as our limited space will allow: and, in so doing, we shall not confine ourselves to the living poets, but ascend to their sources in such writers as Byron and Wordsworth, with whom begins the epoch which we choose to designate as that of modern poetry. But let not the reader misunderstand us: if we do not always allude to the merits of our authors, it is not that we ignore them, but that simply it is not our object to deal with them, but with those defects which are proper to modern poetry.

A very common defect, then, of our living poets is an unhealthy spirit. Poetry springs from a kind of enthusiasm, or *madness*, as Plato calls it. "There is a third possession and madness, proceeding from the Muses; which, seizing upon a tender and chaste soul, and raising and inspiring it to the composition of odes and other species of poetry, by adorning the countless deeds of antiquity, instructs posterity. But he who, without the madness of the Muses, approaches the gates of poesy, both himself fails in his object; and his poetry, being that of a sane man, is thrown into the shade by the poetry of such as are mad."* It is quite true that poetry is the result of an exalted state of soul, and of a delicate organisation of body, which acts powerfully upon the imagination; and this is what is meant by the inspiration of

* Phædrus.

the poet, which is by no means a merely figurative expression. But the spirit of poetry by which a man is possessed may be healthy or unhealthy; and if the demon be a dark bilious fellow, he should be chained up, or rather "cast out" by mild purgatives, and the poet should await in peace the coming of a better spirit; for if this evil one be permitted to go abroad, he will certainly work mischief. Lord Byron was, as far as we know, the first who exhibited to the world the dark spirit of poetry, and by his extraordinary genius made the world in love with the monster.* He is, properly speaking, the father of those eccentric gentlemen whom the reviewers have happily nicknamed "the spasmodic school." Of course Byron never carried his delirium to such lengths as this new tribe; but he gave the idea of the spasmodic poet. He was fond of considering poetry as a kind of interesting malady. "Poetry," he writes to Mr. Hunt, "is very generally the result of an uneasy mind in an uneasy body: Collins mad, Chatterton, *I* think, mad, Cowper mad, Pope crooked, Milton blind," &c. Then, as the friends of Alexander imitated that immortal hero in his peculiar habit of nodding, so it was with the admirers of Byron, and the idea of a poet became fixed. He was to be an unhealthy, excitable, melancholy man; and the better to cherish this darling humour, it were well also if the poet had some secret woe locked up in his own bosom, never, never to be revealed to mortal ear, which should pale his face and keep him up at unseasonable hours of night, so as to alarm his relations about the soundness of his reason: nay, if a few matter-of-fact persons thought him absolutely mad, so much the better. But to be serious, Byron's melancholy was entirely due neither to a delicate organisation nor to a theatrical affectation. He was also a very wicked man (to call things by their right names); and when he wrote "All my madness none can know," he just meant that only himself and Almighty God knew what a very wicked man he was. *Childe Harold* is the wail of a soul which loathes itself; which attempts to escape from the horrors of remorse by investing them with an ideal beauty; and which, failing to

* We speak of English poetry. We are not unaware of the influence of Goethe and Schiller in Germany, nor of the "storm-and-stress" school which sprung up from the *Robbers* of the latter poet,—when versifiers tried to be Tyrtæan by huddling helmets, swords, and prancing steeds together, and by supplying their halting verses with ohs and ahs; when there was one universal shout for *natur* (which was supposed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight), her force, explosion, her beauty, sentiment; when the true signs of genius were to be insurgent and sentimental, murderous and lachrymose; when every thing established was voted *humdrum*, and genius, abhorrent of humdrum, would neither spell correctly, nor write correctly, nor behave correctly, but would be German, lawless, rude, natural. Lawless and rude it certainly was; but let us hope, for nature's sake, not natural.

find a balm which poetry cannot give, caresses its own wounds and "eats the heart" in despair. Byron would have been ashamed to make so much of his personal miseries, but he saw how well it took with the public. We may suppose many other souls, who had drunk the cup of bliss till it palled, wanted the consolation of knowing that by so doing they had become heroes and ideals. We have dwelt thus upon the character of Byron, because poetry has its history, which must be studied in the history of poets.

The case of Byron resembles that of Tennyson, inasmuch as they are both fond of stirring up their own feelings and looking at them,—that is, they are subjective poets. The poem which gives us the deepest insight into the mind of Tennyson is his *In Memoriam*. Byron filled his writings with gloom, which arose from a strong conviction and an intense feeling of his moral wretchedness. Tennyson moans through a whole volume for want of a settled faith, and the consolations which a settled faith engenders, and the equanimity of mind which it is calculated to produce. The loss of a dear friend produces upon the sensitive mind of our poet a kind of disease which is only known to certain temperaments, and which Father Faber, if we remember rightly, terms *theomania*. With religious-minded men, who have faith, the perpetual thought about God, a keen sense of the awfulness of moral responsibility, the anxiety about their acceptance in the end, and the overwhelming idea that their abode hereafter is already prepared in the fore-knowledge of God, produce sometimes a state of morbid sadness and despondency, which is best cured, on the one hand, by simply ignoring its existence and attending to our actual duty, as a judicious confessor would advise; and, on the other hand, since the body also has its share as cause of the disease, by taking a little medicine, as the medical man would advise. Now if holy monks and nuns, who are striving at every sacrifice to gain eternal life, are sometimes visited by the permission of Almighty God with this cruel disorder, it would seem strange if a poor poet, who makes his religion out of his own head, should enjoy peace of mind and tranquillity of the nervous system; and we understand (for the poet tells us so) that he sometimes suffers a severe twinge of anxiety regarding his relations with the next world. We once tried to convert an unbelieving acquaintance, with whom we found it difficult to make a beginning, since he believed nothing which could serve as a basis on which we might build our arguments; till at length we inquired, "For what end was man created?" There was a pause; and then, "To propagate his kind, and then die like the other animals,"

was the answer. Alfred Tennyson has written down this sentiment in some pretty lines of the *In Memoriam* :

“ Be with me when my faith is dry
In men,—the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs and sting and sing,
And weave their pretty cells and die.”

No wonder that this beautiful poem leaves a gloomy impression on the mind,—for beautiful it is, in spite of its gloom,—since it deals with such horrible doubts about the foundation of all religion. Happy monks and nuns! when troubled with a little despondency, and tempted to look at the dark side of things, you have the confessional and the medicine-chest; but the poor poet, when he is tempted to believe just nothing at all, why, he must not cure it, even if he can. O no, it will be so interesting to be afflicted with these thoughts, and write a poem about them. “ I should like to die of consumption,” said Byron, “ because then the ladies would say, ‘ Look at poor Byron; how interesting he looks now he is dying!’ ” Byron and Tennyson are just alike in this respect; both think a poet, to be a poet, should have something the matter with him in soul or body, and, if possible, in both. We understand that the real spasmodic poet has recourse to opium in order to encourage the sacred mania; but we hope this is a calumny invented by the enemies of that school. We will mention but another instance of our poet’s theomania,—his difficulty about the origin of evil. A grave difficulty it is, no doubt, and just the one a poet should choose if he wishes to exhibit to the world a really fine species of gloom,—a noble gloom,—the religious gloom. Some people are distressed beyond measure at the very idea of the number of souls which will freely choose destruction, despite of God’s mercy, and be damned for ever. Sad indeed! But, after all, such souls dare to contend with God: and a poet of healthy mind would take God’s part against His enemies; remembering, that if the wicked shall be damned for ever, which is an awful punishment, yet they will also have deserved damnation, which is therefore a just punishment. But the spasmodic poets take the devil’s part against God. Others, again, are distressed at the physical evils of the universe, like Dr. Arnold, who said that the sufferings of the brute creation was a subject fraught with such pain to him that he could hardly bear to think about it. Physical evil, in its widest sense, is Tennyson’s difficulty; and here again one may take the part of God, or take the part of the devil. God made the world, and He saw that it was “ good.” No doubt the devil or a bilious poet would give a different decision; so Tennyson looks with a jaundiced eye

upon the beautiful universe which the All-Wise and All-Good has created, and sees only horrors and monsters where a healthy poet like Longfellow finds sunshine and gaudy colours, or lights up the darkness, where it is found, with the bright sunshine of his own warm bosom. But of fifty seeds cast into the earth, our poet observes that only one produces, and the forty-nine perish in their barrenness. Nature, he says, cares, indeed, for the species of man and beast; but she is utterly careless of the single life, and heeds not that this or that particular animal may have a wretched life of it, nor of what happens to the individual,—whether it thrive or perish,—provided only that the types of things are preserved. Nay, she cares for types neither. “I care for nothing,—all shall go,” he makes her say; for look at the fossil remains of whole genera and families of beasts, birds, and plants now extinct, which she has “cast as rubbish to the void.” Nay, the poet carries his sentiment to a blasphemous extent; for man, he says,

“ trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation’s final law;
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek’d against his creed.”

And lastly, man himself,—poor man, with all his weakness and fickleness, with all his inconsiderateness and shortsightedness, with all his ignorance and grossness,—he fares no better; he is soon despatched in brief words, but to the point. He is

“ A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow-music match’d with him.”

Then why did God make the world, considering that, after all, it is such a bad world? Or why did He not create a better world? Or, supposing that it is all good, just, and harmonious,—could we only know the whole state of the case,—why, O why are we left in ignorance as to the whole state of the case? Why cannot we see plainly that it is all good, just, and harmonious; and why is the poet

“ An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry?”

Well, well, unfortunately there were no spasmodic poets to be consulted when the world was created, or of course the human race in that case would find all things arranged so as to meet their perfect satisfaction; as it is, we endeavour, as far as we can, to put up with the existing order of things, and make the most of it, simply because we cannot change it

even if we would; and this is the advice which we give to the gloomy poet.

And here we will conclude the subject of unhealthy poetry; for although the *In Memoriam* is not the only unhealthy poem of Tennyson, nor Tennyson the only unhealthy poet, yet the breadth of our subject only allows us to exhibit specimens of our authors, and the *In Memoriam* appeared to us the very poem which would best convey to the reader our idea of unhealthy poetry. We have good reason to hope that the rising influence of Longfellow will finally succeed in banishing this black demon from the poetical world. How significant of revolutions in taste are sometimes even such trifling things as the frontispieces of books! At the head of *Byron's Poetical Works*, how often have we seen the noble bard reclining against a rock, his face set to that peculiar sentimentally-subdued Byronic scowl, his cravat loose and neck exposed (with a storm brewing overhead), utterly regardless of bronchitis! How often have we seen the ideal face of Shelley peering from out the blackest background, gazing on vacancy, with no cravat at all, the breast partially bared, and in his shirt-sleeves too, unless our memory betray us! And O, the contrast! Here is lying before us a beautiful edition of Longfellow's poems, with a neatly-executed frontispiece representing the poet clad in the costume of the period, and after the fashion of the period,—collar erect, cravat unexceptionable, and—whiskers! He who runs may read. The modern garb and air of the American poet signify, gentle reader, that henceforward, the dark spirit who has so long obstructed their union being put to flight, genius shall be married to common sense.

Another pretty general defect of modern poetry, and a defect again peculiar, we think, to modern poetry, is its occasional obscurity,—a fault which very few of our recent writers have avoided; and here, again, is an evil which confirms many a good-natured elderly gentleman in his rash conclusion that all modern poetry is mere stuff and nonsense. The unhealthy spirit of poetry, as it is natural to suppose, has a good share in rendering a poem obscure, because it urges the poet madly forward, driving him into abrupt transitions, half-defined images, and very oblique modes of expression. Let any man take up the *In Memoriam*, and endeavour to connect the links which join the little dirges one with another, or strive to understand the drift of the hobbling stanzas which open the beautiful but extravagant poem of *Maud*; or, again, let any man read (if he can and dare) Mr. Bailey's *Festus*, and inform us what is the argument of the book, and how the different scenes look to the general plan, and he will know what we

mean. But why attempt to prove that the poets are obscure? they own it. It is the poet's boast: it is his privilege to soar up and "be hidden in the light of thought," till we do not see but "feel he is there;" whilst we feel that *we*, alas, are nowhere! But if you dare to charge the poet with obscurity, as a rash reviewer once charged the poet Coleridge, he is very soon upon stilts, and talks down upon you "easy words to understand." "If any man expect from my poems," he says, "the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have *not* written: *Intelligibilia non intellectum adfero.*"*

"My song [says Shelley], I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company (as chance may do),
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight. Tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful."

Dull! Base company! O, but these high-flown gentlemen know how to express themselves in good round English when it suits them. But, jesting apart, we are sorry to find that a genuine poet like Mr. De Vere has not avoided this snare. At the risk of being considered dull, we select a specimen:

"SONG.

Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
That burden treasured in your hearts too long;
Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never name her.
She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal song:
Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not claim her!

In twilight caves and secret loneliness
She shades the bloom of her unearthly days:—
The forest winds alone approach to woo her.
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays,
Intelligible music warbling to her.

That Spirit charged to follow and defend her,
He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;
And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.
And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest strain
From the heaved breast is gradually dying." (p. 25.)

* "I tell you things that may be understood, but I cannot give you understanding."

Compare with the above the following exquisite lines, which, if we did not understand, we should be dull indeed :

“REALITY.

Love thy God, and love Him only,
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely :
In that one great Spirit meet
All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of our kind ;
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined :
For the deepest still is single,
An impalpable resistance
Holds like natures at a distance.
Mortal, love that Holy One,
Or dwell for aye alone !” (p. 195.)

And why should not all poetry be as intelligible as the above lines ? Of course we agree that if a poem be engaged about astronomy or botany, the reader should know astronomy or botany in order to understand it ; and on that ground we do not object that *Festus* is obscure where some parts of that poem exhibit the philosophy of Hegel, mingled with other miscellaneous schools, because we consider that these parts are addressed to students who have mastered the philosophy of Hegel, together with divers other schools, and the particular lingo in which these metaphysicians render themselves intelligible or unintelligible, as the case may be, to each other. But when a poet treats of subjects properly human, which every man can conceive who has imagination, or feel who has a heart, then he should use a style of expression which may render his ideas not merely intelligible, but easily intelligible, to an educated man ; otherwise his poem will be like a picture, beautiful perhaps, but painted in such dim colours that we have to strain our eyes to make it all out.

We now pass to an error of a different kind, but an error characteristic also of *modern poetry*. We have defined poetry to be the art of depicting in words ; but this very definition being frequently misunderstood, leads many writers into the notion that they are not writing poetry unless every word, or at least every phrase, conveys a separate image. The origin of this defect is as follows : the poet, on seeing a resemblance between the down of a thistle or dandelion and the locks of old age, expresses this similitude by an epithet, and speaks of the bearded thistle or of “ the dandelion’s hoary locks.” Now the poetaster conceives that if he can only accomplish this sort of thing (and it seems easy enough), he will become in no time a great poet. So he sets to work : but, alas, he only falls into a bad habit of attempting *conceits*, to use the

old word; which too often fail for the very reason that they are not natural, but the result of effort. It is like punning. How very easy, when you have analysed the process, to make a pun! but how difficult to make a good pun! What a wretched piece of work is a bad pun! and what a miserable habit, to be perpetually straining at puns! Now it is the constant attempt at images which makes up the artificial appearance of a great deal of our modern poetry; but of course we except such writers as Burns, who avoids this defect, and Cowper and Wordsworth, who often fall into the opposite extreme of puritanical simplicity. On the other hand, Shelley is artificial, even in some of his finest pieces; and Tennyson very frequently is excessively artificial. As specimens of our meaning, take the following lines:

“ Prithee weep, May Lilian!
 Gaiety without eclipse
 Wearieth me, May Lilian:
 Through my very heart it thrilleth
 When from *crimson-threaded* lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
 Prithee weep, May Lilian.”

It will be seen that the endeavour to make the separate words into images encourages an extensive use of the hyphen, which is a growing defect, and peculiarly modern; as, for instance,

“ Eyes not *down-dropt*, nor *over-bright*,
 With the *clear-pointed* flame of chastity;
 Clear without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
 Of her still spirit: locks not *wide-dispread*,
 Madonna-wise, on either side her head.”

Then in the poem of “Madeleine” we have “perfect-sweet,” “light-glooming,” “sun-fringed,” “golden-netted,” “love-lore,” “sudden-curved;” and in “Lilian” (besides what we have quoted), “innocent-arch,” “cunning-simple.” Then her eyes are “black-beaded,” and her cheeks “baby-roses.” It is curious to trace the influence of one poet upon another: we found in *Festus*, “I am but the ‘under-queen’ of beauty,” Jove’s “free-love skies,” a “sun-bright” braid of hair, the “boy-god” Cupid, and the “world-known,”—and all within the space of a few lines. Now we have no wish to be considered hypercritical, and have no objection to a little of this if the words be nicely married together; but we complain of the excess of it, and also that the effort at making each word or phrase as much as possible a separate image betrays an ignorance of one of the chief sources of graphic power, which we shall call *suggestion*. Suggestive writing proceeds upon this

principle, that thought is a more subtle thing than language ; and that if you only suggest an outline, the mind will soon fill it up with more vivid images than you could make with words. Take these lines of Byron, which, trite though they be, will suit our purpose :

“ He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He reck’d not of the life he lost, nor prize ;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother :—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday !
All this rush’d with his blood.”

Now these lines have won their author universal applause, and yet there are no separate pictures conveyed by any separate word or phrase—there is no hooking with hyphens, nothing striking, no conceits ; but the poet wishes to impress upon his readers the idea that the poor gladiator, thus “ butchered to make a Roman holiday,” was yet a man, and felt as men feel : so, whilst the hum of thousands was around him in the crowded amphitheatre, he did not hear—he did not see ; but he thought of his rude hut by the Danube, of his wife and children. That is enough. Shelley or Tennyson would have ransacked the universe to find something in the earthquake or the whirlwind, in the thunderbolt or the hurricane of the desert, which might, however faintly, resemble this man’s feelings ; and yet would find nothing in earthquake or whirlwind, thunderbolt or hurricane, which would carry the reader beyond the pathos suggested by these simple words :

“ There were his young barbarians all at play.”

We must, however, admit that one of the most beautiful of Shelley’s poems, “ The Skylark,” is a tissue of little conceits almost from beginning to end ; and yet the finest stanzas in the whole poem are the one or two without them, as for instance :

“ We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.”

The same may be said of Tennyson. Compare him with himself in such poems as “ Mariana,” “ The Lord of Burleigh,” “ The Brook,” “ St. Simeon Stylites,” &c., which want his usual characteristic, and yet are nothing deficient in graphic power. Not that we admire all these poems in every

respect; but we mean, they do not betray the mannerism which we have attempted to describe, and are better without it. Longfellow is the master of suggestive poetry, and seems to know better than most of our recent poets what will suffice to call up in the mind of the reader a flow of images and associations of which the detailed description would fail if attempted; for instance,

“ TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

River, that in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea :

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, silent river,
Many a lesson deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver :
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watch'd thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue :

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this, thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name like magic binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

* * * * *

'Tis for this, thou silent river,
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.”

“ A Hymn to the Night,” “ Footsteps of Angels,” “ The

Day is done," and many parts of *Erangeline*, are also admirable instances of suggestive power. Of course there may be an extreme of this style; and the reader will probably remember poems which, like some of Turner's pictures, are so highly suggestive that they suggest nothing: but we pass by this fault, as coming under the head of obscurity.

There are two defects of "modern poetry" which, as they are mutually opposed, we shall for contrast-sake mention together: these are, on the one hand, where unusual graphic power is united to defective judgment and depraved taste; and, on the other hand, where exquisite taste and judgment are found with only a scanty supply of graphic power, or poetical genius properly so called. Mr. Bailey, in his *Festus* and *The Mystic*, is an instance of what results when genius is divorced from judgment; and let it be borne in mind what we mean by genius, which warrants us in viewing it as distinct from judgment. Mr. Bailey, then, has genius,—nay we will go so far as to say that he has genius above the average of modern poets; and, however curious the fact may be, considering what a genius he is, he has no common sense, or rather, he has made no use of his common sense. This view of the intellectual character of the author of *Festus*,—a genius without common sense,—is the only one which will fully satisfy the facts, *first*, that the reviewers have laughed at Mr. Bailey, and pooh-pooed Mr. Bailey, and for ever damned (as they perhaps think) both Mr. Bailey and *Festus*; and *secondly*, that *Festus* has gone through five editions, and even *The Mystic* (a still more outlandish production) has gone through two editions. But we might demonstrate our position from the author's great work itself. Take the following extracts from the devil's sermon as instances of Mr. Bailey's best manner:

" Naught is great
Nor small with God—for none but He can make
The atom indivisible, and none
But He can make a world: He counts the orbs,
He counts the atoms of the universe,
And makes both equal—both are infinite.
Giving God honour, never underrate
Yourselves: after Him ye are every thing.
But mind! God's more than every thing—He's God.
And what of me? No, us? no, I mean the devil!
Why, see ye not he goes before both you
And God? Men say, As proud as Lucifer.
Pray, who would not be proud with such a train?
Hath he not all the honour of the earth?
Why, Mammon sits before a million hearths,
Where God is bolted out from every house.
Well might He say, He cometh as a thief;

For He will break your bars and burst your doors,
Which slammed against Him once, and turn ye out,
Roofless and shivering, 'neath the doom storm ; Heaven
Shall crack above ye like a bell in fire,
And bury all beneath its burning shards.
He calls : ye hear not. Lo ! He comes : ye see not.
No ; ye are deaf as a dead adder's ear.
No ; ye are blind as never bat was blind,
With a burning bloodshot blindness of the heart,
A swimming swollen senselessness of soul.

* * * * *

And as ye sink in sin, ye rise in hope :—
'And let the worst come to the worst,' you say,
'There always will be time to turn ourselves,
And cry for half an hour or so to God.
Salvation sure is not so very hard—
It need not take one long ; and half an hour
Is quite as much as we can spare for it—
We have no time for pleasures. Business ! business !'
No, ye shall perish sudden and unsaved.

* * * * *

The judge, while dooming unto death some wretch
Shall meet at once his own death, doom and judge ;
The doctor, watch in hand and patient's pulse,
Shall feel his own heart cease its beats—and fall.
Professors shall spin out, and students strain
Their brains no more ; art, science, toil shall cease.
The world shall stand still with a rending jar,
As though it struck at sea. The halls where sit
The heads of nations shall be dumb with death.

* * * * *

The wanton temporising with decay,
And qualifying every line which vice
Writes bluntly on the brow, inviting scorn,
Shall pale through plastered red ; and the loose low sot
See clear for once, through his misty o'erbrimmed eye,
The just, if there be any, die in prayer."

Yes, Mr. Bailey has genius ; but as for good judgment, perspicuity of style, and propriety of expression, very many persons look so little for that kind of thing since the *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and such-like effusions, that possibly they would admire the impetuosity, the abrupt transitions, the inflated language, and the general aimlessness of *Festus* as beauties and evidences of the real poetic fire. We have given an idea of the fair side of *Festus* ; we abstain from samples of an opposite description : suffice it to say that *Festus* is a highly extravagant poem ; that it is besides an unhealthy poem ; that it teaches the most absurd form of pantheism possible,—the pantheism of Hegel ; that it teaches almost every other form of error, mingled with a good deal of Catholic truth ; that it is offensively bombastic, and offensively silly, by turns ; and that in the object or aim of

the poem it looks every where in general and nowhere in particular. Add to all this that occasionally you fall upon passages of exquisite beauty, and you will form a very fair idea of *Festus*, which is one of the most curious poems that possibly ever was penned since the world was created. And the real source of all this extravagancy is an unhealthy spirit of poetry. O, if Alexander Pope, or "glorious John," as Scott calls Dryden,—if they could revisit the world, go through a page or two of *Festus*, read on the title-page the announcement, "fifth edition;" and if they saw in addition (as we did the other day) a little volume of poems dedicated to James Bailey, Esq., as to one of some standing in the poetical world,—what would they think? "Well, well," we fancy some one objecting, "Mr. Bailey is an extravagant writer; but it is hardly fair to hold up his writings as specimens of the poetry of our age: he has even a certain popularity perhaps, but no well-educated man would make much of him compared with such writers as Shelley or Tennyson." And yet such writers as Shelley and Tennyson are in great measure accountable for *Festus*; for every writer who succeeds in attaining popularity, assists in creating the *ethos* of the age, and becomes accountable in some degree for what the *ethos* of the age produces. To gain a fair view of the state of poetry in any age, the poets must be considered in their bearings upon each other. *Festus*, and the popularity of *Festus*, are accounted for by the writings of Tennyson, just as the writings of Tennyson are accounted for by the writings of Shelley and Byron. Who can read Mr. De Vere's *May Carols* without being reminded of the *In Memoriam*? or again, who can read Father Caswall's poems without remembering both Cowper and Wordsworth? But this is saying nothing against these writers. All praise to them where they have assimilated what is sound and healthy, and eschewed what is corrupt and pernicious, in the spirit of their masters. We are all imitators: and as Lord Macaulay has influenced the style of reviews and newspapers, so eminent poets have influenced the poetry of their age; and Tennyson is accountable for *Festus*, and *Festus* is an instance of the extravagancy of modern poetry.

Now for the opposite defect, into which writers are often driven by simple abhorrence—but, be it said, a very just abhorrence—of the prevailing tendency. Those who disrelish Byron and Tennyson have a natural admiration for Wordsworth, sometimes mistaking his classical simplicity and elegance of style, which is merely the dress of his poetry, for the poetry itself. And, we must say it, much of this fault

is due to Wordsworth himself; who, although possessing the highest imaginative powers, has written very many pieces which, in our judgment, have no other claim to be considered poetry than the mere propriety and finish of expression which is the characteristic of their author. Hence it is that Wordsworth has created either, on the one hand, a passionate worship, or, on the other, a superficially conceived contempt. Those who only glance at his writings, often rise up disgusted; whilst those who persevere in the perusal are first gratified, then admire, and often end in downright enthusiasm. But perhaps we had better illustrate our view of Wordsworth's genius by comparing him with himself as the poet and the mere classical versifier. As an instance of his powers of imagery, we subjoin the following lines:

"A COMPLAINT.

There is a change, and I am poor :
 Your love hath been, nor long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door
 Whose only business was to flow ;—
 And flow it did, not taking heed
 Of its own bounty nor my need.

What happy moments did I count ;
 Blest was I then all bliss above !
 Now for this consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
 What have I—shall I dare to tell ?—
 A comfortless, a hidden well.

A well of love.—It may be deep ;
 Perhaps it is, and never dry :
 What matter, if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity !
 Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor !"

It is such lines as the above which account for the enthusiasm of Wordsworth's disciples; whilst such verses as the following, which are of too frequent occurrence, fully account likewise for the coldness of the opposite school, who read Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson, and shrink from Wordsworth:

"CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

Woe to you, prelates! rioting in ease
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate ;
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
 Of pompous horses, whom vain titles please,
 Who will be served by others on their knees,
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay :
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way

To heaven ; for either, lost in vanities,
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know,
 To speak the word. Alas, of fearful things,
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings,
 And taught the general voice to prophesy
 Of justice armed, and pride to be laid low !"

It goes hard with us to find a fault with Father Caswall ; but in the golden little volume which he has lately given to the public he has earned such a reputation as a genuine poet, that he will bear any amount of impartial criticism. We feel free, then, to find the very fault with him (although it is not often that he commits it) which we have found with Wordsworth, viz. he sometimes writes elegantly and chastely and thoughtfully without writing poetry. Let us compare him with himself, as we have done with Wordsworth. His odes present specimens of imagery such as we are happy to meet with in the greatest poets, as :

"The peacock next,
 Fanning his goodly plumes,
 His aureole display'd.
 Upon a broken urn,
 Relic of ancient days,
 Graceful he stood, the rainbow amid birds !"

And,

"Then came the mystic dove,
 Her silvery feathers all bedropp'd with gold,
 Sliding she came, down the smooth circling stair
 Of yielding atmosphere, nor stirr'd a breath
 With her becalmèd wing !"

Or,

"I see the dolphin on the stormy wave
 Taking his morning roll."

Again :

"Before me lay the bottom of the deep,
 A region unexplored,—
 Where never yet the storm was heard to rave,—
 Stirless abode of solitude profound !"

Then how fine is the description of the great "fish" which swallowed the prophet Jonas—

"With fear I saw
 A mighty monster of an unknown fish,
 Dozing and motionless,
 Thy wond'rous work, O Lord !
 Thick-ribb'd and strong he seem'd,
 With skin more rugged than the corky rind ;
 On whom no sooner had I fix'd my glance,
 Than seems to shoot
 An Angel down, and whisper in his ear.
 Forthwith his fins strike out,

And, as an arrow from the bow, he darts
Upon his order'd course."

But the following is mere verse-prose :

" BELIEF OF ANGLICANS IN THE REAL PRESENCE TESTED.

My friends, ye use a solemn seeming tone,
And teach a truth sublime ;
Christ present in His Eucharist ye own,
And count denial a crime.

Be honest; if Him truly there ye hold,
When next the Feast ye share,
Bow down before the Mystery untold,—
Bow down, and worship there !

What, ye refuse ! O men unreal, I see
Ye have your words belied !
Farewell, such teaching will not serve for me ;
I seek a surer guide."

Homer sometimes nods, and so does Father Caswall ; but it is hardly fair that the nod should constitute by itself a little poem, though we can excuse several nods in a long one. The same remark applies to "Unreality."

We had put Father Faber's volume at the head of our list ; but our space, we find, is too limited to enable us to enlarge upon its merits, and we prefer saying nothing to being forced to say too little. We only observe, therefore, that to Father Faber and Father Caswall falls naturally a destination which cannot be too highly esteemed, for it is theirs to form a Catholic literature. The errors of the modern poets are for the most part such as spring from the unhealthy atmosphere of Protestantism which surrounds them. There is no lack of poetry in our country ; but it is a mischievous principle, active indeed, and beautiful sometimes, but fatally beautiful. The poet is by turns morbid, frantic, sullen, and ecstatic ; and he affects his readers with his spirit as with a disease, and they become unfitted for life and discontented with their lot.

A Catholic literature is what all who have the welfare of our youth at heart are looking anxiously forward to. A rich foretaste we have had already ; but we expect greater things yet from Father Faber and Father Caswall.



THE ENGLISH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following short "character of the English" is from a Ms. work preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels,* entitled *Second Thoughts*. It consists, says the author, of "notes of things that have occurred to me in the way of ordinary observation, preserved in order to be perfected and refined by such as can and will take the pains to do it." The subjects treated of are such as these: that every rational mortal creature naturally loves variety and change; that the use of images is convenient, necessary, and natural; that every body, even God, loves gifts; on wit, beauty, good-nature, love, friendship, and the like. The author gives scarcely any notes whereby he can be identified; except that in the margin of two or three of his essays he has written, "I have served myself of much of this in my *Life of St. Augustine*."† He was an English Catholic, probably an exile during the civil wars; and we should think a layman, or if a priest, one who had lived long in the world, and had mixed much in high society before his ordination. The Lord Bristol whom he mentions at the conclusion of the following essay, was evidently the earl whom Clarendon so often carps at, who, on the defeat of Sir George Boothe at Chester in 1659, when the hopes of Charles II. seemed desperate, "had not the patience to expect another change that presently succeeded, but changed his religion, and declared himself a Roman Catholic. . . . He gave account, by a particular letter to the Pope, of this his conversion, which was delivered by the general of the Jesuits; in return of which he received a customary brief from his Holiness, with the old piece of Scripture, never left out in these occasions, *Tu conversus, converte fratres tuos;*"‡ a text that converts in all ages would do well to lay to heart, and adopt as the primary rule of their conduct.

The Ms. forms a thick quarto volume, probably written about 1660-70. The matter contained is often piquant, always sensible. The extract we give shows that the author was no mean master of composition.

"A Kind of Character of the English Nation."

It is no easy thing to make a very exact character of any nation, but yet much more hard of the English. For

* No. 4144.

† May the author be Abbot Montague, who translated St. Augustine's *City of God*? If so, he was a person who moved in high society, as he was the confessor of the Queen Henrietta Maria.

‡ Clarendon, *Continuation*, p. 83, folio edition.

generally other nations have their several natures and humours and customs, which stick much to all the men of that nation; so as that when you look for some, you shall be almost sure to find them all. For generally the Italians are cautious and civil, the Spaniards haughty and grave, the French prompt and light, the Dutch jealous and slow: but the English are generally of no one nature, or humour, or custom, and consequently not to be comprised within one rule; but they walk by several ways, as if they all were almost of several nations. For you shall find thousands of them who love the sober, and as many who love the giddy way. You shall have them eminently civil and courteous, and yet extremely proud; and even in all the different kinds of pride. And because it is so with them as that they are extreme in the very ground of their natures and humours, they are so therefore also in their affections to this or that kind of life. For some love the gravity and state of the Spaniard; some the reservedness and cleanliness of the Italian; some the levity and alacrity of the French; and some the slowness and jealousy of the Dutch: and many, in a word, are prodigal, many miserable, many confident, many jealous; as if they were not only no sons of the same mother, but not so much as men of the same nation.

“I incline, therefore, to think the English nation, both of men and women, to be apter perhaps to deceive third persons than any other nation which we know; not yet that they are the cunningest and deepest and most dissembling people of the world, even upon premeditation and in cold blood, but upon these other reasons that go here. The English nation abounds much with a kind of great ingenuous simplicity and goodness of nature; and it makes itself appear very easily in them from the mind into the body; whereupon an auditor or spectator makes no difficulty to frame an early judgment upon the man. But now, quickly after, this man or woman grows (through the natural mutability and inconstancy to which Flemings and especially English are subject) to be of another humour, and to exercise very different acts thereof; which gives reason to such as are wise to frame, and that rationally, a very different judgment from the former. Nay, perhaps there is scarce a nation which alters itself so very often as doth this of ours. Our comfort in this mischief may be, that if it be familiar for us to change from better to worse, it will also deserve to go for no miracle to see us often change from bad to good.

“But I think also that generally, and even naturally enough, they are very idle, and apt to love their ease; and doubtless they may pass for as unpunctual a people as are in

the world; and that proverb is even as it were made of purpose for them, *A little breaks no square*; and especially if a thing consist of several parts, as first, second, and third, an Englishman will hardly forecast them so as to do them in order, but will easily mistake the place, even when he will not err in the matter.

“ But as for the more substantial things, Englishmen are naturally very valiant, very honest, and apt to learning: but yet far more in the solid than in the elegant way; and generally they are of more piety than other men, whatsoever religion they profess. I take them also generally to have one natural virtue, or rather inclination of nature, in a very high degree; for which they well deserve both love and praise. For of all nations in this world, I think really they are the fullest of compassion. The stories, both of ancient and modern times, show us many demonstrations of this truth; and still we find daily proof that every English heart can speak this language. This is so very true, that the more we shall compare this nation of ours with that of others, the more evidently will that appear which I am saying. For if an Englishman should have command in the war, and should come to make an assault, and take a town from a governor who had defended it in a gallant way, that governor might perhaps so carry himself in that condition as to gain strange pity of the conqueror, and to be used by him like a brother, and to be made a friend, and to be freed from all sense of ill-fortune. This I confidently believe of my country, and I conceive myself to have great reason; and I dare not undertake it for any other.

“ But yet still I am to seek about that quality of the natural humour in the conversative way of life which reigns ordinarily above other things in an Englishman. Though first methinks that in his first accesses he hath naturally a kind of inconfidence which becomes him not well; and if he chance to be less well received than he expected, methinks he runs instantly out of his wits, and falls to puff and swear, and scorns the whole world all at once. On the other side, if he be nobly used, he is already your friend, and will be your slave; and instantly grows sick till he may know that he can come out of your debt. But yet in that case it will not be amiss for you that the occasion may present itself quickly; for if the iron cool, I will not take my oath but that it perhaps grow hard again.

“ But in a word, for aught I have observed (and it is a thing that I have thought upon much), I conceive, or rather guess, that the specifical difference of this nation from all those

others that I know is this—they are mightily subject to extremes. Wherein I mean not so much that which merely relates to direct virtue or vice, or to the passion of strong and lasting love or hate (for herein we are hugely exceeded by the Italians, yea, and by the Spaniards also), as to the present inclinations and humours which we carry to persons and actions and other things in the daily and even hourly occurrences of our life. For first, as to all strangers, we are apt to treat them in great extremities, and without any temper at all; for we use them either like gods or dogs. Besides, if some Englishman will follow the court, he thinks presently he were to be damned if even he should spend a month in the country. And if another should have set up a pack of dogs, or come once to keep a cast or two of hawks in the country; or else, if he be wont to meet weekly with his neighbours at some bowling-green near his next market-town,—he presently falls to pity the great men at court, instead of envying them; and he would not for the whole world even become a bedchamber-man to the king. In a word, nothing is either more liberal or more wretched, more ingenious or more stupid, more dogged or more gentle, more courteous or more proud, more curious, yea, and jealous, or yet more remiss or careless, than an Englishman. And though these contrary qualities have sometimes also their part as truly in men of other nations as ours, yet that I hold to be both very much more seldom, and in a far inferior degree.

“I hold him also particularly to be extreme in the inconstancy of his humour, as I began to insinuate before; and in the prodigality as of his mind so of his expense. He is also extraordinarily sudden both in the execution of his revenge (or at least of showing great sense) upon a conceived affront or wrong, and in the placing also of his acknowledgments upon a very slight courtesy received. His inconstancy is increased by his being so sudden in the acting of his desires, which way soever they chance to bend; and his suddenness is the greater because his longanimity is so little; for he must either presently perform, or else perhaps he will have no mind to do it at all. Let him be disposed to resent a wrong, or to express a courtesy, or to place a benefit, and if he have opportunity to do it quickly, it will be well and lustily done; but if the blood have time to cool, the thing will peradventure be laid aside.

“Some nations, and many particular men even of all nations, have much magnanimity, for they can find in their hearts to do mighty things when they are called up by fit occasions. And certainly the English nation is very gallant

this way ; and there is scarce any other which excels ours in despising danger or money, or any other thing which men are wont to hold dear. But so also is there no nation in the world less longanimous ; neither, indeed, are there in the world very many men who excel at all in longanimity, if rather a man might not say that there are few who be at all acquainted with it. For longanimity implies a laying things up in the mind for a long time after the present, with as little relation to it in effect till that time come as if it had either never been thought of, or else as if it had been utterly forgotten. Now this virtue or faculty is excellently and eminently in Almighty God alone, who is the sole owner of all goodness : but men are not very capable of this great part, and Englishmen, I think, as little as any other ; but generally you must let them do quickly what you intend they shall do at all.

“ As for the point of their inconstancy, the country being an island (where the inhabitants are generally conceived to borrow that quality of the water which surrounds it, to be floating up and down) may well serve to excuse them from any other error that way than merely because they are born in such a place ; but certainly they are very inconstant, though yet still I think withal that their inconstancy is not final in respect of any object. I mean, they do not usually pitch and fix irremovably upon a change ; but if they go, they come again, and so have many turns and returns : wherein, indeed, they do but show themselves to be men a little more than perhaps some others do. For man is created in this life to consist, as St. Austin saith, of disagreements and reconciliations, that is, of varieties and vicissitudes, by the continual use of free-will, according to his own pleasure or humour ; whereas the angels were all created with an intention in Almighty God to establish and fasten them for ever according to that election which they would make by that one first single act which their free-will should produce. But since men are made changeable by their very nature of being men, I hold it for a vain and false and foolish affectation of pride for any one to affirm that naturally he delights not in any change of some kind or other. For such persons would fain make us think that they are rather angels than men : whereas, indeed, herein they are not so much men as they are beasts ; for they know not the first ground of their own creation. Without all doubt, it is best to change as little as we can when we are doing good things, and also when we are doing great ones ; because such never ought to be undertaken but after great deliberation. But because we know well that men do so naturally delight in

change, and for that they are none but saints who entirely are wont to mortify this propension of theirs; it tells a very good tale for any man with me when I find him contented and delighted in making many changes in certain little easy and innocent things, without any offence to God, or wrong to his neighbour, or hurt to himself. For with me he grows to be the likelier thereby to maintain much constancy in greater things, as religion, moral honesty, friendship, and prudence in the ordering of his whole course of life.

“Concerning the prodigality of the Englishman, I take it not to consist so much in a disposition to consume himself wholly upon any motive whatsoever (though yet many of them grow also into ruin by this means), but that it is rather by having his head intoxicated through some strong fancy for the time; and that so he acts more through want of consideration than for that originally he intends any such thing; and so we see how in the daily occasions of expense he empties his pocket carelessly to no purpose. For the kindness of his heart, which is killed when you do him a courtesy, and his contempt of money (in both which he excels), conspiring together, lay the plot to pick his purse; and so he drops and drivels his money away; and he hath a kind of looseness and ignorance in the ordering of his hand, not knowing how to moderate itself or to learn discretion till it be too late. He hath also another fault, which, though it be not the greatest sin in the world, yet it brings men to a great deal of penance, and it is very natural to the English; and this is, to be very easily and instantly turned both to and from solid things by very toys, beyond the custom of the wise men of any other nation that I know.

“But all these errors of the English are of the nobler way, and they are abundantly recompensed by many virtues wherein they excel their neighbours; and by one quality more in the nature of a cause (besides their compassion, which I mentioned before, which is an effect), and which in some sort is better than any one virtue, because it is the mother of many: and I will declare it together with a little story. My Lord of Bristol was thus saying once to me, and it was in Flanders, ‘You and I have spent many years in seeing **many parts of the world, but yet there is one fruit that grows in your country and mine with which we never met any where else.**’ I asked him what that might be, and he bade me guess. I thought he had meant of some real fruit; and so I fell to speak first to him of damsons, and wardens, and afterwards of pearmain; for I had never seen any of these abroad. ‘I will take you off from the rack,’ said my lord,

‘ for it is none of these, nor any thing like them ; but it is a certain fruit called good-nature, which grows nowhere but in England, or at least I never met with it but there.’ I said so too, and I say so still. Others have great virtues, as well as we ; but we have good-nature much more than they. And the professing of this truth shall be the end of this character.”

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Select Specimens of the English Poets, with Biographical Notices, &c. Edited by Aubrey de Vere, Esq. (London, Burns and Lambert.) The editor, in a sensible introduction, extols poetry as one of the most influential powers in education : it is the art which “ submits the shows of things ” to the aspirations of the nobler mind of man ; which exhibits things in a more perfect form than that in which they are found with us. Thus poetic justice is more palpable, more swift, more unerringly just, than that which we see in actual events ; poetic truth is essential and universal, defecated and free from accidents and altering circumstances—poetic beauty is a beauty not material, though manifesting itself in material things. Poetry is the soul’s assertion of her superiority to matter ; of her right to use matter simply as a symbol of a world where there is nothing material, and to forget utterly its utilitarian destination or the scientific calculations that have only use in view. To be altogether without the poetical element, is to be unable to recognise soul, force, wisdom or love behind natural objects. The same faculty which in one development is poetical, in another is the eye of religion, without which not even faith would be able to see God behind the veil of His creatures. Mr. De Vere intends his compilation especially for the young ; and he gives them plenty to puzzle them, recognising the mistake of those who think that no poetry but that of inferior quality is fit for young people. The system of his selections and of his arrangement pleases us much ; and we hope his work will have the success it deserves.

Montaigne the Essayist : a Biography. By Bayle St. John. 2 vols. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Mr. St. John has devoted fifteen years to the study of Montaigne ; and it would be curious if a clever man had thrown no new light on his biography, which, after all, is only a few degrees clearer and better known than that of our Shakespeare. But Mr. St. John is quite unfit to reproduce the image of the great essayist. Montaigne was often a wicked writer, unscrupulous in revealing temptations both against purity and against faith ; but he had faith ; he was a Catholic, and died leaping forward in the act of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament. His writings contain impurities and scepticisms enough ; but he was not a sceptic in Mr. St. John’s sense, who wishes to paint his hero in terms of a socialist thinker of the nineteenth century. Mr. St. John is quite as wicked as Montaigne, without his faith ; and the book before us is exactly that which Montaigne’s is blamed for

being—it is a defence of immoralities, which are called “the coarse necessities of life,” and at the same time a continual attack upon religion. Nevertheless there are several concessions in it, which we accept with satisfaction. For instance, we recommend his judgment of the hopelessness of protestantising France to Messrs. Wilberforce, Hamilton, Keble, and the other lights of the “Anglo-Continental Association.”

“Few men whose mental education has been Catholic—whether they affect to throw off the Catholic yoke or not—can see any point of repose between blind acquiescence in the Church and utter rejection of all its doctrines. They have been prepared for this by the teaching of their masters, who are eager to maintain that there is no evidence of divine truth but the *affirmation of infallibility*.” [The affirmation of infallibility is a necessary consequence of the claim to be the organ of revelation. Without it the claim is absurd. But so far from its being the *only* evidence, it is by itself no evidence at all of the truth of the claim.] “As soon, therefore, as a Catholic thinker begins to examine the faculty he calls reason,—which, in utter ignorance of the constitution of the human mind, he has been taught to consider as opposed to faith” [This is a most impudent lie; those who teach that reason is opposed to faith are Calvinists, or Lutherans, Mr. St. John’s co-religionists, not Catholics.],—“his progress towards complete disbelief or denial—which is not the same thing—is rapid indeed. Every young man who leaves the Church becomes an accomplished infidel at once. He has no doubts, no scruples, no anguish of soul, at any rate that he will admit. He comes out of the lobby of faith and goes into the lobby of reason, and cries No while others cry Yes—that is all; and fancies he has made wonderful progress, and flings up his heels, pricks his ears, and scampers about rejoicing, all in the vain imagination that by a sort of hey-presto touch he has been converted from a Christian into a philosopher knowing the causes and the forms of things: whereas, in reality, he is nothing but a Papist running about with his coat turned inside out, and perfectly prepared to let the priest turn it back on his deathbed.”

Truly these are the tears of Satan lamenting the instability of his kingdom in the presence of the Church. It is very satisfactory to witness the disgust of Mr. St. John at finding that infidelity in France will not turn hypocrite, and dress itself in the sheep’s-clothing of Protestantism; and that it is impossible altogether to root out the germs planted in the soul by a Catholic education. “When they leave one camp,” he complains, “they fly rapidly, obeying irresistible attraction, towards the other, flouting as they pass the Protestants who, earnest and sad, are labouring,” &c. “I own,” he concludes, “I cannot assign a high degree of gravity or earnestness of character to people who are so merciless in treating their hopes and those of others.” All this resolves itself into a lamentation that Catholics refuse to educate their children in the principles of scepticism. We cannot recommend Mr. St. John’s volumes any more than we can recommend the reading of Montaigne’s most immoral essays.

A Woman’s Thoughts about Women. By the Author of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” (London, Hurst and Blackett.) When a woman publishes three hundred and fifty pages of advice to her “sect,” she can hardly avoid being dry, didactic, and boring; many a man will shut up her book as stupid, though many also will read it through with interest, as introducing them to a world with which they are necessarily but ill acquainted, “a woman’s thoughts about women.” We own to having read the book nearly through with more or less satisfaction; and we can report that the thoughts are sensible, the advice sound, and the

principles of morals in general true. The author sets out with saying that the grand pabulum of the human mind is occupation; and as a Spartan father showed a drunken helot to teach his son sobriety, so she shows up an idle man to teach women industry. "If any inherent want in his character, any unlucky combination of circumstances, nullifies his occupation, what a poor creature the man becomes!—what a dawdling, moping, sitting-over-the-fire, thumb-twiddling, lazy, ill-tempered animal!" What is to be done with him but to set the housemaid to sweep him out of the room? Equally absurd, if they could but be made to see it, are the young ladies who devote all their energies to killing time, who "prick him to death with crochet and embroidery-needles, strum him deaf with piano and harp playing, cut him up with morning visitors, or leave his carcass in ten-minute parcels at every friend's house they can think of; who dance him defunct at all sorts of unnatural hours, and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, smother him in sleep for a third of the following day." For the benefit of these time-killing damsels, our author first finds them "something to do" in the shape of female professions or handicrafts, and then tells them how to act in their various positions in the family.

Naturally enough as a man, we extract the following passage for the benefit of the ladies. "I am afraid," says our author, "it is from some natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that it is so difficult to teach us justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female; and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes. No, kindness, unselfishness, charity, come to us by nature; but I wish I could see more of my sisters learning and practising what is far more difficult and far less attractive,—common justice, especially towards one another; it is in transactions between women and women that the difficulty lies. Therein,—I put the question to the aggregate conscience of us all,—is it not, openly or secretly, our chief aim to get the largest possible amount of labour for the smallest possible price?" The author goes so far as to call those who knowingly pay too little for work done swindlers and thieves,—herein perhaps showing want of moral philosophy,—and then proceeds: "Humiliating as the confession may be, it must be owned that, on the whole, men are less prone to this petty vice than we. You rarely find a gentleman beating down his tailor, or haggling with his groom about his wages. Either his wider experience has enlarged his mind, or he has less time for bargaining, or he will not take the trouble. Against this crying sin it becomes our bounden duty, as women, to protest with all our power. More especially, because it is a temptation peculiar to ourselves, engendered by many a grinding struggle to 'make both ends meet,' of which the sharpness always falls to the woman's lot, to a degree that men in their grand picturesque pride and reckless indifference to expense can rarely feel or appreciate." As our quotation finishes with a back cut at the men, we may fairly stop here, leaving both sides pleasantly balanced. We will only add, that a vein of mild merriment and gentle jocular pervades the book, sweetening the water-gruel of the *utile* with the sugar of the *dulce*.